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By the men . . for the men in the service

TECHNICIAN

Allies Get Upper Hand

Hitler's Grip on Africa and Russia Slips, Japan Loses Ground in Southern Pacific As U. S. Nears End of First Year at War

As the first U. S. year of World War II drew to an end, Allied troops all over the world were finally getting into positions for big and effective offensives. In North Africa, in Russia, and in the Solomons, Axis forces were taking a licking and Allied forces were acquiring areas from which they could start real drives toward victory.

Hitler was fighting desperately to save his precarious position in North Africa, with Allied pincers closing on him from both sides. If the Allies sewed up the whole area, they could plan an invasion of southern Europe. His Russian drives had fallen short of their marks and gained him little, and where the Russians were not pushing the Germans back, they were at least stopped still. In the South Pacific the U. S. Navy scored a great victory over the Japs, who were trying to retake Guadalcanal, and the depleted Japanese forces had to start worrying about protecting their own bases. After an uphill year for American fighting forces, it looked as if the turning point was finally here.

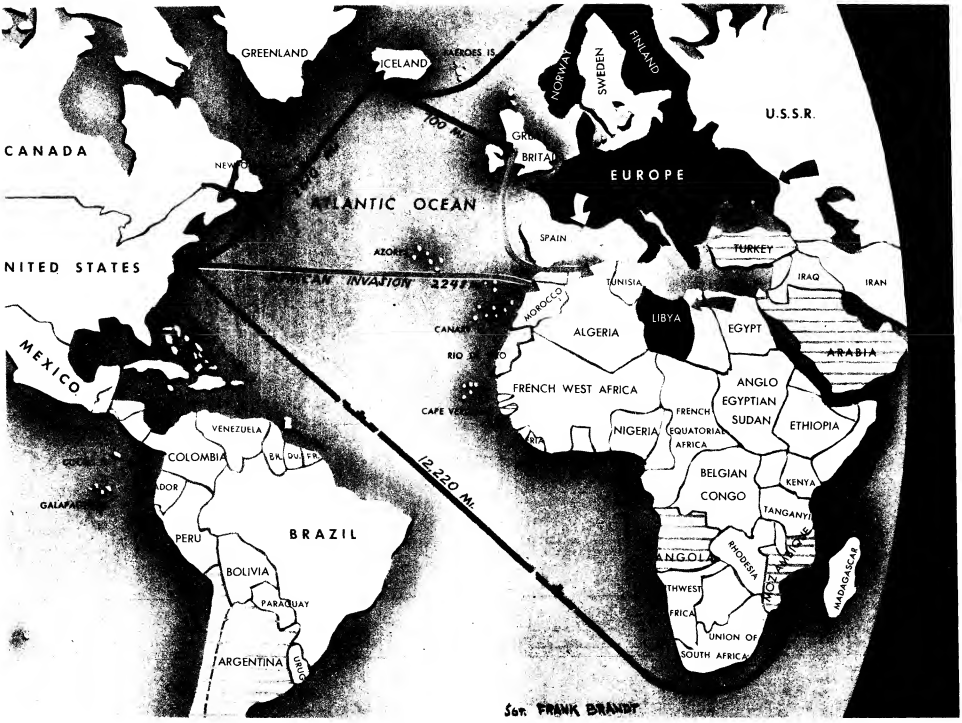
As more and more information came out, the magnitude of the Allied military masterpiece in North Africa revealed itself. The blueprint for the invasion came from a conference of Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill in Washington months before. Allied staffs had worked feverishly and secretly on the plans. Eight hundred and fifty ships had been used in the convoys which had struck simultaneously at points hundreds of miles apart. Seven hundred thousand different items of equipment had been carried in the holds of the ships, requiring seven tons of shipping space per man. The stage had finally been set by the "Message to Garcia" trip of Maj. Gen. Mark W. Clark, who had sounded out the French forces in North Africa in a conference with friendly French officers in a lonely house somewhere in the desert.

The first phase of the battle for North Africa was quickly over. Operations at all points moved like clockwork. Sunday morning, November 8, landing forces swept in from the sea, and paratroopers (one force of them flying 1500 miles from England), dropped down from the sky. By Monday American ships were unloading in the harbor of Algiers. On Tuesday Americans and French observed Armistice day side by side in the Moroccan capital, Rabat. On Wednesday the last major resistance ended when Casablanca capitulated. But the first phase had not even ended before the Allies were embarking on the second phase, the battle for Tunisia.

Meanwhile, Hitler was reacting to the Allied blitz. In the American occupation of North Africa he saw one gap plugged in the steel ring that encircled him. He realized, too, his dangerous weakness along the South of Europe, and he hastily moved to strengthen himself there. His first step was an occupation of all that part of France which he had previously left unoccupied. Feeble Marshal Petain made a formal protest, but ordered the French not to resist. So on the 24th anniversary of the Armistice the grey columns of German soldiers once more rolled through sullen French towns, not stopping until they came to the Southern coast.

Although the alleged purpose of the German occupation was to protect France from invasion, Hitler had another good reason for wanting to plant his men in the South of France. He wanted to keep a close watch on the French fleet.

Three battleships, a seaplane carrier, and a number of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines lay at anchor in Toulon. Admiral Francois Darlan, commander of this fleet until he pulled an about face and went over to the Allies in Algiers, broadcast an appeal to his men, asking them to



sail to Algiers and fight against the Axis. Hitler wanted to be quite sure they wouldn't do this. For reasons best known to himself, he decided not to occupy Toulon itself, but his troops ringed around the edges of the city. Possibly he thought this gesture might save the valuable ships from an Allied bombardment. Nevertheless, his guns and planes commanded the harbor, and the fleet was powerless to make a hostile move.

Simultaneously, the Nazis gathered their forces to strike at Allied supply lines. Between two and three thousand planes were assembled on the Italian islands of Sardinia and Sicily, within easy raiding distance of the North African ports where the Allied ships were unloading. Allied commanders reported that Axis submarines were drawn to the convoy routes as by a magnet. While Berlin's exaggerated claims of ships sunk and damaged by torpedos and dive bombers skyrocketed to 89, Allied headquarters claimed thirteen Axis subs and kept quiet about how many ships were lost.

The biggest question mark in the Mediterranean area was Tunisia, where Allied success was essential to the whole strategy. Its control was essential defensively to protect any convoy route across the Mediterranean, and from an offensive point of view, a successful air attack on Italian industries and islands and a subsequent invasion of the continent itself would be feasible only with the whole of the North African coast line in Allied hands. American and German troops met there in combat for the first time since the Meuse-Argonne offensive 24 years ago.

The Allied force, rolling into Tunisia from Algiers under the command of Lt. Gen. Kenneth A. Anderson, consisted of the entire British 1st Army, many of them seasoned veterans of Dunkirk, and about one-tenth as many American troops, mostly paratroopers and specialists. Hitler had been flying troops and even light tanks to Tunis and Bizerte, but it was estimated that he could hardly have assembled more than 10,000 men there. And even before the Allied troops arrived, German forces were having trouble with local French colonial garrisons, which disobeyed Marshal Petain's non-resistance order and, led by General Henri Giraud, took up arms against the invaders.

Tunisia might have been easily defended against an attack from the East by its well fortified "little Maginot line" on the Libyan border, and Bizerte might have held out indefinitely against an attack from the sea.

But once more a Maginot line type of military thinking was proved worthless. Planned defenses were powerless against the attack which was coming from the West. Some experts first guessed that Hitler would not even try to hold Tunisia, but was just sending in men to destroy valuable installations before they fell into American hands, and would take his troops out as soon as their demolition work was done. This view was given strength when several transport planes carrying troops to the north were shot down by the R.A.F. But when the German and American forces met, it looked as if Hitler was going to make a fight for it, and this time the Allies had got there with the mostest.

Yanks plant the flag and land equipment in Oran.

Things were even worse for the Axis at the other end of the Mediterranean. Marshal Rommel's depleted Afrika Korps was still in fast retreat, and the British 8th Army was hard put to it to catch up. The Germans were helped in their retreat by heavy rains, which turned the advance British airfields into lakes and the roads into mud. But the British swept on. The desert was littered with the wreckage of tanks and trucks bearing the emblem of the Swastika and palm tree. Swarms of Italians, left behind by the fleeing Germans, wandered over the desert begging the British to take them prisoner and give them water.

Halfaya Pass on the Libyan border fell to a group of 30 men after only three casualties when a few hundred Italians, deserted by their German officers, surrendered after a few shots. Tobruk was undefended, and the arriving British columns found stores of food and munitions there which the Germans hadn't had time to destroy —some stores being those captured by the Germans from the British when they took the city in June.

In ten days after the break-through of the El Alamein line the British advanced 320 miles, and kept going. General Bernard L. Montgomery, their commander, promised them good hunting in Libya.

Rommel's best bet for a defensible position

was El Agheila, 400 miles east of Tripoli, where swamps protected his southern flank. But when he reached there his army, dwindled to 20,000 men, was woefully short on guns, planes, and tanks. Meanwhile the R.A.F. was dropping block-buster bombs on Genoa, chief port from which his supplies were supposed to flow. As Rommel fell back he got additional supplies from dumps he had set up along the route, and the further he went, the more extended became the British supply lines. But he was caught in the jaws of a pincers, and he knew it. With armies striking at him from both directions, the Germans might well experience their own Dunkirk in Africa.

Repercussions of the second front in Africa were felt over on the Russian battlefields, where the Germans and the Soviets still slugged it out for Stalingrad in the biggest battle of all. The Russians showed little disappointment in the American and British decision to invade Africa rather than the French coast, though they may have doubted whether this would be enough of a diversion to pull many German troops away from the Russian front. Nevertheless, the effect of this blow at the Germans was already being felt in Russia. Hitler, now under the necessity of guarding the whole coastline of Southern Europe and of policing 20,000,000 additional Frenchmen, was reported already to be pulling as many as 40 divisions out of his Eastern front. And the Germans could only amass the concentration of air power they needed in the Mediterranean at the expense of sacrificing some of their air power over Russia. The defenders of Stalingrad noticed a marked decrease in air activity. One day there were only 200 flights over the city instead of the usual 1500.

But the Germans were not taking it easy in Russia. Quite the contrary, they were making their last desperate bid to take Stalingrad before the winter set in. Faced with the alternative of spending the winter on the frozen, windswept steppes outside the city or retreating to winter quarters back at the Don river, the Germans threw masses of men forward again and again, fighting to gain a hundred yards or so in streets piled with their own dead and the rubble of ruined factories, while the Russians counter-attacked again and again, usually getting back their hundred yards. But the Volga was already filled with ice, and the temperature was already down to 15 degrees. Signs pointed to a Russian victory there with the aid of her old ally, General Winter.

To the south, where snow was already blocking the roads over the Caucasus, the Germans were doing no better.

While the Allies were changing the complexion of the war in North Africa and tightening the net around Hitler, Yank and Australian forces in the Pacific, too, were getting ready for big new battles against the other end of the Axis, which would determine the course of the war in that area for years to come.

In the New Guinea jungle, the Allies were finally beating the Japs at their own game. From a point 32 miles from the Allied base at Port Moresby on the South coast, Australians had pushed the Japanese over the high ridge of the Owen Stanley mountains to within 30 miles of their own base at Buna. American troops were flown from Australia to a point on the north coast of New Guinea east of Buna. They had marched through the jungles from there till they contacted the Australian troops at Wairopi, a small town of huts on the rain swollen Kumasi river, within hearing distance of the bombs dropped by American planes on Buna.

It was the toughest kind of fighting. Hacking their way through dense forests, fighting off swarms of bugs and lethal mosquitoes, marching in pouring rain, sometimes sinking in mud up to their armpits, the green clad jungle fighters advanced slowly, often not even seeing their enemies until they were dead. But the Allies had control of the air, and the Australians and Americans had learned a lot about infiltration and jungle tactics. Poised on the brink of their last push toward Buna, they were ready to drive the Japs out of New Guinea and remove the most dangerous threat of an invasion of Australia.

But the biggest and best news of the week came from the Navy in the Solomons area. There the third Japanese attempt to knock the Americans out of Guadalcanal ended in a disastrous defeat.

The Navy had seen the blow coming for a long time. In the weeks preceding the final showdown, Japanese activity around Guadalcanal had been stepped up steadily. Increasing numbers of dive bombers had come over the island, and there had been intermittent shellings from Japanese warships that crept close to the shore. While Marines and soldiers had doubled American holdings on the island and captured some guns and prisoners, life there was still a gruelling siege of bombings and shellings and heat. All the time the men knew that sooner or later would come the big Jap attempt to reinforce their troops and overrun the island and seize the valuable airfield.

In the early days of November, reconnaissance planes spotted a great Japanese task force that was building up in the region of the northwestern Solomons. Expeditionary forces were assembling in the big Jap bases of Rabaul on New Britain and Buin on Bougainville, and naval units were steaming down from the North. There was no doubt in any one's mind that this would be the big push. When General MacArthur's Flying Fortresses started to blast at the convoy, some of his fliers reported that it was so big that they never were in sight of all of it at once. Slowly the warships and transports and cargo ships grouped together and headed south. Advance units played hide and seek with American warships, both sides adopting hit and run tactics.

Shortly after midnight on Nov. 13 the spearhead of the attacking force, consisting of two battleships, two heavy and four light cruisers, and ten destroyers, reached the vicinity of Guadalcanal. The Japanese battle plan was to have this group break up into three parts and bombard American positions on the shore to soften them up for subsequent landing parties. They reckoned without the U. S. Navy.

As the Japanese ships approached the bombardment area, they were met by American ships and the two fleets opened up at point blank range. The sky was lit with the flashes of the heavy guns. But something was drastically wrong with the leadership in the Japanese force. They seemed confused. In the later part of the battle two of their three groups started firing at each other. Then they decided they had had enough, and withdrew to the north.

But they weren't ready to abandon their attempt so soon. As planes from Henderson field hunted out and bombed ships damaged in the previous night's engagement which hadn't been able to withdraw, they spotted a new formation of twelve transports with a heavy naval guard approaching from the Bougainville area. In preparation for landings from these ships, some Japanese surface forces succeeded in sneaking in and hammering shore positions that night. But in the morning as the transports drew near the island, American planes jumped on them in full fury and sank eight. The rest continued on, only to be found beached the next morning, when they were bombed and shelled into oblivion. There were more naval engagements during that night, but, on the morning of Nov. 15, patrol planes saw the battered Japanese withdrawing to the north for good.

The Japanese lost 23 ships, with seven more damaged. One battleship was sunk, another damaged. Of the 30 ships on which the American navy scored telling blows, 18 were warships.

The U. S. lost two light cruisers and six destroyers.

About these Allied successes in the Pacific area one might quote Prime Minister Churchill's remark: "It is the end of the beginning."

The point was just being reached where the Allies could take any sort of offensive, but the balance was swinging in their direction. It would take a lot more beating before the wily Japanese would call it quits. But over in Tokio Premier Tojo wasn't having any happier a time than Hitler.

In North Africa, an American officer, with the Stars and Stripes on his sleeve, talks with native villagers.

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This MARINE killed 200 Japs

A Marine is hard to kill when he's mad, even when he's blinded and his machine gun blasted to junk, within spitting distance of Japs. Pvt. Albert A. Schmidt, 22, of Philadelphia, lived to tell how he killed 200 Japs while manning a machine gun on a Guadalcanal river bank, Aug. 21, holding them off with his automatic after the machine gun was hit by a grenade. Here's his story, as told from a hospital bed at San Diego to Marine Pvt. Bart Capeland.

"The first Jap in here will be on the receiving end of this .45," I said. "But you can't see," Diamond said. "Tell me which way he's coming—I'll try to get him."

I WAS WITH two buddies, Johnny Rivers of Philadelphia and Lee Diamond of New York, the squad leader, watching for a Jap attack from across the river. Our outfit had been waiting for two weeks and we were pretty sure something was about to break. We figured the outfit was outnumbered about 10 to 1 and didn't intend to be caught napping.

About 1 a.m. on August 21 the three of us in the machine gun nest spotted a black mass moving across the stream. Rivers started firing while I fed, and Japs started falling in the river. Then a machine gun slug from the other bank caught Johnny in the face.

I grabbed the gun and Diamond took over the feeding job. We were in a tough spot, as the next Yank machine gun nest 150 yards downstream had been silenced and the only other defense was anti-aircraft fire upstream.

The Japs kept sending units of 35 to 50 men into the river. Diamond got a slug in the arm, which left me the double job of feeding and firing.

One of our amphibian tractors had broken down earlier in our stay on the island and had been abandoned temporarily in midstream. It was in dark shadows from the treetops and I couldn't see it from where I was. The Japs succeeded in setting up the machine guns inside the metal shell of the "amphib." That gun tried to get me repeatedly but somehow it didn't.

Some of the Japs must have gone up-river, crossed and backtracked to climb up coconut trees near our nest. Bullets started zooming down at us as if they were fired from treetops.

Before long the water jacket on the machine gun was shot full of holes and the water started spurting around my lap and chest. The gun was blistering hot and I thought to myself it wouldn't be long before it jammed.

Meanwhile Diamond had picked up his Reising automatic and was trying to work it with one hand. I thought I heard the movement of feet on the river bank just outside our barricade of sand bags. Diamond sprayed the river bank with lead and the movement stopped.

Pvt. Schmidt, on left, talks it over with Cpl. Diamond.

I had just mowed down a particularly big party when all hell broke loose in our hole. What must have been a hand grenade hit the left stirrup of the machine gun and blasted it into junk.

The heavy bolt handle, I was told later, was knocked off, miraculously missing my face and grazing the upper part of my shoulder. My helmet was knocked off. Something struck me in the face. Everything got dark. I put my hand to my face and eyes and felt blood and raw flesh.

While we lay there motionless, the Japs in the trees sent a steady downpour of bullets that chipped up dirt all around us, ripped through our sandbags and splattered soil into my wounds. It seemed as if my head would split open with pain.

I was working around to get my automatic. Diamond saw me and said:

"Don't shoot, Smitty! Don't shoot yourself!"

I laughed.

"Don't think I'll do that," I replied. "The first Jap that jumps in here will be on the receiving end of this .45."

"But you can't see."

"Tell me which way he's coming—I'll try to get him."

We lay there for hours. Once a lieutenant jumped in and gave me a shot in the arm. An hour or so later a Navy Hospital Corpsman, Whitey Jacobs of Boston, dashed to us through a rain of bullets. He gave us some water and promised help as soon as possible. Then he was off to help somebody else. He was one of the pluckiest fellows on the island.

It must have been eight or nine o'clock in the morning when two lieutenants helped us out of that hole. The firing had died down. The Japs had failed to break through and had paid heavily. The fellows told me that alone I had mowed down more than 200 of them and elsewhere my outfit had given a good account of itself.

The Japs that outnumbered us so badly were supposed to be their finest. Many of their dead wore medals.

One of our Marines almost went crazy when he discovered what was in the pocket of one of the Japs he had shot. It was a set of American dogtags.

They identified his brother—a Marine at Wake Island.

Fighters from the Fjords

The soldiers in the rough and tough 99th Infantry Battalion, known around Fort Snelling as "Uncle Sam's Little Norway," don't need an orientation lecturer to explain why they are wearing a uniform and carrying a gun. They can remember only too well the faces of the Nazi invaders who are holding their loved ones prisoners back home in the sad streets of Narvik and Trondheim.

John Halvorsen, Navigator from Hugesund

By CPL. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

FORT SNELLING, MINN.—Less than eight months ago in a shell-searred village near the coast of Norway, under cover of fog and darkness, a young stonecutter said goodbye to his wife, his mother and his two kid sisters.

He had to be careful, because up the street a few hundred yards a couple of Nazi guards were prowling around, armed with automatic rifles.

"I'll get through all right," he said. "All I want is a decent chance to fight back."

He made his way through the night toward the sea.

There, in a sheltered inlet, the little fishing boat was ready. She was bobbing up and down on the water like a toy, but her prow, frail and unarmed though it was, pointed bravely toward England. For the stonecutter, it pointed toward just one thing, a chance to fight back.

Today, as a soldier in the U. S. Army, he has that chance to fight back. And he's learning to do it in the swift, deadly manner of the Ranger and the Commando.

Training grimly by his side here at Fort Snelling are scores of other loyal and indomitable Norwegians who have come from the four corners of the earth—some of them literally through fire and water—to join one of the most colorful outfits in this man's Army.

Formally, it's called the 99th Infantry Battalion. To seasoned G.I.s around here it's "Uncle Sam's Little Norway".

Our War Department, of course, is secretive about the 99th. But it's pretty safe to assume, from the extraordinary qualifications the men have to meet, that the unit will not be employed on any ordinary mission.

In the first place, in order to qualify, you've got to be able to speak and understand the Norwegian language.

In the second place, you've got to be a full-blooded Norwegian or of Norwegian extraction.

In the third place, you've got to have the stamina and guts to undergo training as tough as that given the Rangers, Paratroops and Commandos.

As matters now stand, over one third of the men in the 99th are Norwegian-born. Most of the others are Americans of Norwegian descent who can speak the language. A few were born in Sweden, and a few in Denmark.

All of them are tough. And they have personal reasons for wanting to get their hands on Quisling and his Nazi "protectors".

Take a private named Arne, for example. We can't give you his full name because if it were known, the Nazis would make his family suffer back in Norway. Arne worked for his father on their little farm near Trondheim. Farmers as a rule have a hard time making more than a bare living in Norway. And young Arne wanted to get married. There was a girl in Trondheim. So he got a job on a Norwegian freighter, hoping to save enough of his salary to get married in two years. He sailed on his first trip two days before Hitler stabbed Norway in the back. He hasn't heard from his father and mother since. His father would be 74 now; his mother, an invalid, 72. Before Dec. 7 he received one letter from his girl, but after censorship there wasn't much left except the beginning, "*Kjaere Arne*", and the ending, "*God nat, kjaere* . . . Ingrid".

Another private, named Sven, also is taking his training seriously. Sven is a leather-faced, blue-eyed fisherman who used to brave wind and sleet to lift his nets for herring and cod off the rocks of Aalesund. His home was blasted to charred bits by the Nazis in April, 1940. In September of the same year, his brother was thrown into a concentration camp. His mother and father were still at Aalesund when he last heard from them. That was in October, 1941.

One of the lance jacks in the 99th is a former

lieutenant in the Norwegian Army. At one time his father was one of the most important industrialists in Norway. After the blitz, Quisling told him to convert his factory to the uses of the Nazi war machine. He told Quisling to go to hell. Our lance jack has not heard from his family for over a year.

There there's a powerful ex-seaman from Narvik. His face is wind-bitten, and his eyes look like flecks of steel. Pete's father was killed in the opening hours of the invasion when the Nazi Fleet bombarded Narvik without warning. His mother and his younger sister, so far as he knows, are still alive, though he hasn't heard from them in over a year. At that time he got a letter saying that a former pal of his, a guy he had grown up with, had turned rat and had become a Quisling. Pete's anger still rankles. "I'd give my right eye," he says, "right from the socket, to get my hands on that dirty skunk's neck."

These are a few of the men who are making the 99th into one of the most determined and spirited fighting units in the world.

Plans for "Uncle Sam's Little Norway" were conceived and designed by the War Department early last Summer. By mid-August these were translated into working reality when 29-year-old Capt. H. D. Hansen, of Lorain, Ohio, was sent as CO to organize the battalion and put it through its first phase of training at Camp Ripley, Minn.

Day by day "Little Norway" grew bigger. Men joined up who had been caught in the U. S. when the Nazis invaded Norway. Others came from sunken freighters of the Norwegian Merchant Marine. Some volunteered who had escaped from Norway after the Nazi occupation.

In addition, numerous Norwegian-Americans who were already in the U. S. Army obtained transfers to the 99th.

Last month, the preliminary phase of its training concluded, the 99th moved to bigger quarters at Fort Snelling, in the heart of the Minnesota River Valley.

Virtually every man in the outfit can ski expertly. As a tall, blonde private from Flisa said the other day, "You Americans leave the cradle to learn how to walk. A Norwegian learns to ski before he can walk."

The ability to ski, however, is not a prerequisite. The men have not been formally notified that skis will be issued. But a remarkably common question around these parts, asked with a significant twinkle in the eye, is, "How are the old ankles, bub?"

Taler de Norsk?

If you can speak Norwegian, are of Norwegian descent, are in an army camp in the U. S., and want some real action with a super-tough outfit that's going places, you can apply for a transfer to the 99th Infantry Battalion, "Uncle Sam's Little Norway," which is undergoing intensive commando-type training at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Ask your CO about it. Or write direct to Capt. H. D. Hansen, Commanding, 99th Inf. Bn., Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Moreover, there are several ex-ski champions in the battalion who have had extensive experience as professional instructors. One of these, a 22-year-old lieutenant and former student at New York University, has won several prizes in important New England competitions.

All commands and orders in the 99th are given in English, and English is spoken exclusively on the field. But at chow and during off-duty hours around the PX the boys usually let their linguistic hair down and give out volubly with their native Norsk. Which is all right with their American-born buddies, who are thus given a chance to police up any ungrammatical bits that may have accumulated in their language area since the days when they spoke Norwegian with their families in the towns and on the farms of Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin, where most of the Scandinavian-Americans originate.

Classes both in Norwegian and English are held regularly, and attendance is compulsory. They are conducted under the supervision of Maj. Sofus Urberg, who, before the war, was a distinguished physician and surgeon in Duluth.

Norwegians have difficulty pronouncing the letter "j". For some reason it invariably comes out as a "y". But despite this handicap, the boys in the 99th have shown an astonishing aptitude for Army slang. Two days after an ex-fisherman from Oslo reported for duty, he was casually calling the bugler a "windyammer". And a particularly objectionable MP he briefly characterized as "a damned yerk from New Yersey".

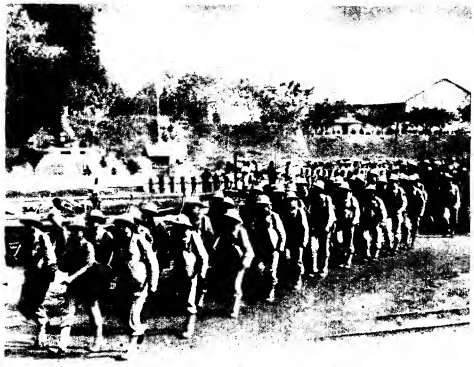
Roll calls in the 99th are rather disconcerting. This is the result of a curious Norwegian habit of naming every other male baby born in Norway either "Hans Hansen" or "Ole Olsen."

There are at least ten Hans Hansens in Company B alone. This brings no end of distress to a square-jawed, thick-set ex-farmer from Risor, one Cpl. Hans Hansen, who calls the roll of Company B at reveille every morning. His prebreakfast irritability is not soothed by a certain as-yet undiscovered wag who regularly, at the calling of the second Hans Hansen, sings out: "You already called him, corporal".

"I'll get that smart guy one of these mornings," says Hansen.

Pvt. Howard Brodie
FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA
life sketches

IN PANAMA, Pfc. Oscar Brugge, of Osceola, Neb., finds himself discussing a problem with Major Generals Davenport Johnson (left) and William Shedd.



IN BELGIAN CONGO, American troops march through the town of Leopoldville shortly after their arrival. In Northern Africa, the A.E.F. was also on the march.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM GURKA SACRIFICIAL BULLS TO RAT SOUP

Gurkas Don't Shoot the Bull; They Behead It With One Blow

NEW DELHI, INDIA—Sgt. Pete Dapero and Sgt. Jim Dolton, from Summit, N. J., and Enid, Okla., are the only G.Is in this man's army who have had ringside seats at a sacrificial ceremony during which full-grown bullocks—water buffalo, to you—were decapitated with one Samsonian stroke by pint-sized but powerful Gurkas, a tribe of 5-feet, 2-inch warriors who are members of the Indian Army.

Dapero and Dolton had heard about the ceremony and put the heat on a friend of theirs, L/Cpl. Bert Francis, of a British parachute battalion, to get them invitations. Bert had served as an English instructor to the Gurkas and had an "in." So, a few days later, the two American sergeants received a fancy invitation:

"Subedar Major Lal Bahadur Gurung and the Gurka officers of the —— Parachute Battalion present their compliments to Sgt. Dapero and Sgt. Dolton and request the pleasure of their company at the Sacrificial Ceremony to be celebrated on 18th October, 1942, at 10 a.m. on the occasion of Dussehra Festival. R.S.V.P."

The ceremony was held in the barracks area of the Gurkas with the entire battalion turned out in full-dress parade regalia. The two lone Americans and some 30 British officers attached to the Gurka battalion were the only guests. Seats for the guests were placed under an oriental canopy facing a fenced-in square where the sacrifices were to take place, and waiters passed among the guests with tumblers of rum and boxes of cigarettes, both native stocks, straight from the Gurkas' home back in Nepal.

The main feature of the ceremony is something like American soldiers qualifying on the rifle range, but where we use rifles, they use knives. To qualify as a full-fledged Gurka warrior, a rookie has to slice off a bull's head with just one stroke of his kukri knife. If he misses, he loses face for a whole year because he doesn't get another chance until the next festival. The kukri knife is long and curved, resembling a grass sickle. The Gurka uses it for everything from cutting his own toenails to cutting somebody else's throat.

The festivities got under way with a few preliminary bouts in which goats were beheaded before the bullocks were brought on.

In the middle of the sacred area was a large red post, decorated with flowers and pennants and topped by a trident. "That post reminded me of a totem pole," Dolton said, "only this one had holes which were used to 'tee up' the goats and bullocks before the guy with the knife started his swing. A rope was tied around the animals' necks and was drawn taut by pulling it through one of the holes.

"Each animal was anointed by a Gurka pundit, who is a combination village priest and wise man. Then, just as the man with the kukri took aim, a squad of seven riflemen let go with a volley of shots."

After a few goats had been polished off with this ritual, the main event went on. A young brown-skinned Gurka, barefooted and stripped to the waist, stepped up to test his aim and strength on a big black water buffalo. The bull was tied to the post so that its head was bent down, lining it up for the kill.

The pundit anointed the bullock and then blessed the soldier's kukri, which was a special knife about two feet longer than the usual type, and especially reserved for the bullock sacrifice. More atmosphere was added with the release of several dozen doves which flew over the area to symbolize the spirits of the dead animals.

"Two guys were holding the buffalo from behind," Dapero explained, "and pointing it toward the west because it isn't kosher if he isn't facing that way when beheaded. The guy raised the knife in his left hand, sighted a spot just above the bull's vertebrae and brought it down in unison with the volley fired by the firing squad. Although he needed two more strokes to sever the head from the body, the guy slashed so fast that the bull's body still stood a few seconds with its head off.

"But he hadn't beheaded the bull in the regulation stroke so the crowd of soldiers let out with a Gurka equivalent of the Bronx cheer. The poor guy seemed to feel pretty bad about it.

"The next guy missed, too. His one swipe got all but a few inches of skin which was just enough to hold the bullock's head on. The crowd gave him the bird.

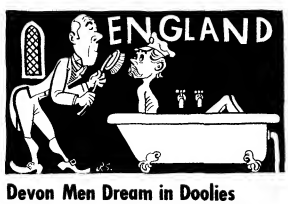
"By this time, the sun was really blazing down on us and the place smelled like the Chicago stockyards. About 20 vultures, attracted by the odor of dead flesh, were circling overhead, scaring hell out of the poor doves.

"The third Gurka, who was older than the other two, was plenty fussy. But so was the poor old bullock, and just at the last moment, the buffalo fainted dead away. I guess the smell of blood and flesh was too much for him. The ceremony had to be interrupted until he was revived.

"Finally, they got the bull up and tied him to the post again. The guy with the knife measured him as carefully as Willie Hoppe would line up a billiard shot, pulling back his ears to sight the exact spot at the top of the bull's vertebrae which is the most vulnerable.

"Then he lifted the knife in his left hand and brought it down in a terrific arc-like stroke that reminded me of Joe Louis' haymaker in reverse. Boy, that blow just sliced that buffalo's head off without even a vein left dangling. The crowd started cheering and that Gurka looked prouder than old man Dionne. He sure knew how to use that knife."

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT



Devon Men Dream in Doolies And All Their Thoughts Are Pure

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The latrine in an English barracks is a production that's right out of this world.

I had occasion to visit one the other day for a quick shave and what I hoped would be a shower. As for the shave, I managed to accomplish that with neatness and dispatch, but I did not altogether manage to bathe myself. I was aided in the

process, even to the point of having my bath drawn, by a manservant gainfully employed by the British Government for that purpose. He did everything but wash my ears.

All this happened in a certain enlisted men's barracks which had been leased for the military season, so to speak, by Americans at a certain airfield. There are still a number of our allies sleeping here, however, in quarters much like those we used in the U. S. As a matter of fact, I think two-story bunks are American importations.

An early Autumn sun shone prettily through the casement windows, a sleeping Yank pulled the covers up over his head, a bunch of the boys were having a reasonably quiet game of blackjack, and I felt very much at home as I walked through a long hall towards what is now known here as the can.

When I reached my destination I found only one other occupant; he lurked in the background during the shaving process. As I wiped the last lather away he said, "Nice shave, guvnor?"

I took a good look at him. He was a little Cockney, wearing civilian clothes. He approached the washbasin and, even before I'd finished cleaning my razor, he began to polish the enamel like an old maid manicuring her upper plates.

"Nice of you to clean up after me," I said.

"That's what I'm 'ere for, guvnor," he said.

"You mean they hire you for this?"

"Yes, sir." He seemed quite unaware that there was anything extraordinary about it.

"Do they do this all over Britain?" I asked. "For enlisted men?"

"Don't rightly know, guvnor," he said, "but that's wot I'm 'ired for."

A little dazed, I ambled off in search of a shower. No dice.

"Got any showers around here?" I asked the little man.

"Showers, guvnor?" he asked. "Wouldn't you prefer a bawth? Wipe that grit and grime off, you know."

I allowed it was a damned good idea, old top, and he led me to a series of little doors, opened one, and lo and behold, there was a big bathtub with a little chair beside it. "Put yer clothes there, guvnor," he said, "while I run yer bawth."

Meekly, I obeyed. As soon as the bath was drawn he discreetly left. After a half-hour of soaking I decided there was another piece of equipment in this place that was worth an inspection. I found another series of doors, and behind these I found exactly what I had been looking for. I entered one, closed the door, and sat there thinking, just thinking.

There were a good many inscriptions on the walls but they were all purely idealistic. "True love is never unselfishness," one said, "it is self-sacrifice of one for another." Some other Britisher had written: "To be or not to be," and another: "When I'm old and tired and weary from the toils of war, take me to Devonshire, there to spend the rest of my days amid the beauties of home." There was not a single quotation on any of three walls that couldn't have been sent home to mother.

I have now seen everything.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

Say, Buddy, How's About Dashing Me for a Little Plate of Wog?

SOMEWHERE IN WEST AFRICA—Probably the first words you'll hear if you come to this sector of the Dark Continent are "Dash me, mastah!" . . . Which means a native is making a touch. . . . "Dash" means money. . . . Food is "chop," all natives are called "wogs." . . . The native foot is harder than a topkick's heart. . . . When he clicks his heels in a friendly salute it sounds like a .45 going off in a closed room. . . . He plays soccer barefoot, getting off terrific boots, and fights with his feet, French style. . . . A kick in the puss by a native is a guaranteed sleep producer. . . . Better learn a few of their words quickly, particularly "yah bah," which means scram. . . . A native worker can sleep an eight-hour trick better than the laziest WPA shovel-leaner of yore. . . . A few days ago, a dozen natives were sent out to repair a roof. . . . An amazed officer later found them blissfully asleep beneath the eaves. . . . The Hausa people are the great traders of West Africa, mostly Mohammedans. . . . They love to drill, and will drill each other for hours in the best British manner. . . . Rat soup, they say, is a sure cure for a bad cold. . . . In one nearby colony, there is a one pound ($4) fine for striking a native. . . . If you shoot a buzzard, you're fined six pounds ($24). . . . Natives love their race track, where win bets only are permitted. . . . When not racing, the horses are rented for riding at seven shillings per hour. . . . Fish is a prized delicacy. . . . The fish is dried in the sun without cleaning, then bolted, head, innards and all. . . . Hot pepper soup, say the Hausa, will cure malaria. . . . Our first visit to a native bar was an education. . . . A very black, barefooted native, sat at the piano playing "Fair Harvard" and the Notre Dame "Victory March." . . . Damned good, too.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Cultured New Guinea Natives Take G.I. City Slickers for Sleigh Ride

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—Most of the natives on this tropical island can't speak much English, but one newly arrived G.I. had an upsetting experience the other afternoon when he decided to take some snapshots of wild and wooly aborigines.

Camera in hand, he strode bravely into a native village. Figuring that words wouldn't help him any, he began to indicate by vigorous sign language that he wanted the natives to pose for him. One gnarled old native, a particularly ferocious specimen, watched the intrepid cameraman waving his arms and then said calmly, "Want us to pose?"

"Yeah," said the soldier, somewhat nettled at this unexpected display of culture.

"That'll be two bob, please," said the native.

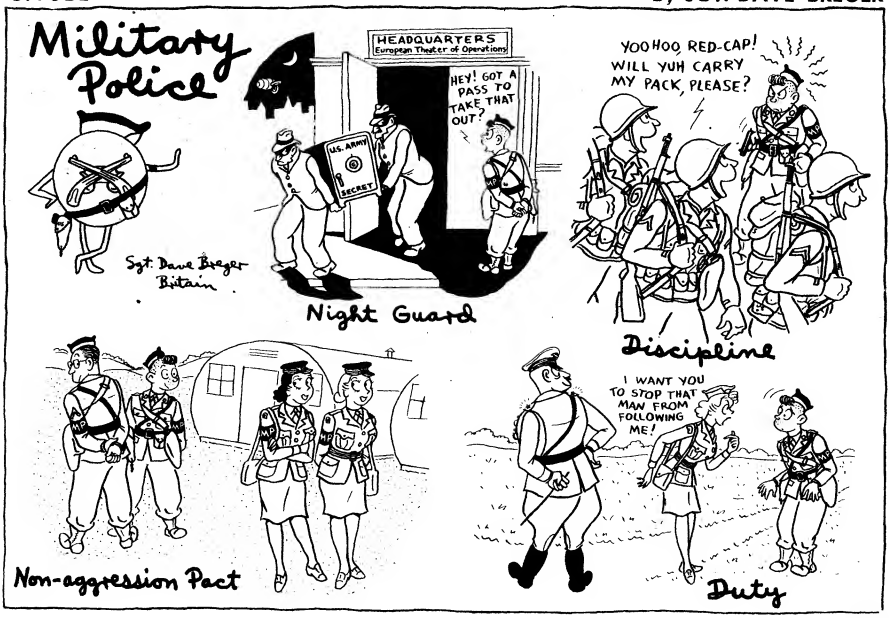
Disgusted at this civilized turn of events, the soldier began to walk away, but hadn't got very far before he was halted by another native.

"Hey, Bud," said this one, "got the time?"

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. JOE

By SGT. DAVE BREGER



NEWS FROM HOME

Elephant Goes Over the Hill for 5 Days

HUNTINGTON, Ind.—After a five-day, 18-mile chase which had even the governor of the state on her trail, Modoc, a 2,500-pound female circus elephant, has finally been shackled to a tree on a farm here.

The rampage started when Modoc and two bull elephants were appearing at a matinee performance of the Great American Circus at the Wabash, Ind., High School gymnasium. As they were being lined up for the final act, some dogs barked at them and they bolted.

The bulls were captured a few blocks away, but Modoc, described as "a good-natured, fun-loving animal," lumbered through back yards and disappeared into the basement of Jess Owens' home, where she tore out the furnace and the water pipes before moving toward the town.

Mrs. Chauncey Kessler, 50-year-old housewife, ducked into a drugstore through whose open door came the smell of roasted peanuts. Attracted by the odor, Modoc followed, pushing over a soda fountain, tables and chairs and a display case.

Waving her trunk, she picked up Mrs. Kessler from behind a counter and placed her gently back in the center of the floor. Mrs. Kessler later was treated for cuts and bruises.

Then Modoc crashed through the back of the store and headed for a marshy and wooded ravine near the Wabash River. State and city police temporarily lost the trail, but the next morning, an excited farmer phoned in to report that a "monster" had crossed his pasture.

Followed by hundreds of police and spectators, including Gov. Henry F. Schricker, Modoc was nearly captured several times in the next few days. She always managed to get away, however, once stumbling over a farmer named Kenneth Kindly, breaking his neck. He has a 50-50 chance to recover.

But finally her stablemate, Judy, was staked out on a lot near Modoc's hideout, and volunteers hustled up 30 loaves of bread as a peace offering. As Modoc devoured the bread in 30 gulps, a chain was passed unobtrusively around the animal and made fast to a convenient tree.

Cattle Shipments Hit New High in the Corn Belt

CHICAGO—More cattle than ever have been shipped into the corn belt for feeding this Fall. A gain of 9 per cent in shipments was reported in August and September, as compared with last year, and in October shipments were up 20 per cent—probably exceeding the record October of 1940.

The increase indicates that livestock producers are willing to take a chance on profitable feeding operations despite price ceilings on beef.

More cattle are going to market too. Cattle inspected at public stockyards in October were about 19 per cent over October, 1941, and the largest for the month since 1930.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

What? No Stars?

Springfield, Ill. — After two years of experimentation, Herbert H. Vertrees has produced patriotic corn, with red, white and blue kernels in each ear.

President Roosevelt and Gen. Pershing during Armistice Day ceremonies before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Armistice Day No Holiday For Nation's War Industries

WASHINGTON — The country observed Armistice Day quietly this year. It was no holiday for workers in war industries. They paused for one minute of silence at 11 o'clock, then returned immediately to work.

Gen. John J. Pershing and President Roosevelt paid tribute to the unknown soldier at Arlington Cemetery. Speaking of the Germans and the Japanese, the President said:

"They sought to conquer the world, and for a time they seemed to be successful in realizing their boundless ambition. They overran territories. They enslaved; they killed. But, today, we know and they know that they have conquered nothing. Today, they face inevitable, final defeat. The forces of liberation are advancing. Britain, Russia, China and the U. S., grow rapidly to full strength. The opponents of decency and justice have passed their peak."

New Records Are Set In War Shipbuilding

RICHMOND, CALIF.—Four days and 15½ hours after the first section of keel had been laid, the 10,500-ton cargo ship *Robert E. Peary* was launched at Henry J. Kaiser's Richmond Shipyard No. 2.

Hardly had this new record been made when the Pacific Bridge Co. in Alameda launched a smaller ship, the 8,000-ton *Samuel Very*, only three days and eight hours from keel-laying.

Both ships were assembled rather than built. The pre-fabrication process is handled separately, and sometimes begins weeks before the keel is laid. The forepeak, afterpeak, cabin and other sections are hauled to the ways to be welded into position.

Ships of this type used to take 200 or more days to build.

The program for 1942 and 1943 originally called for 12 million tons of merchant shipping. Then it was increased to 18 million tons, and finally to 24 million tons. This week Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, announced that American shipbuilders would meet that figure by producing 8 million tons this year and 16 million tons next.

Raising of Tobacco Successful in Oklahoma

LAWTON, OKLA.—Natives of Oklahoma laughed when J. B. Morris, who came from Kentucky, planted 400 tobacco plants on his farm here. But the high winds and drought sector of the Sooner State has turned out to be a good place to produce tobacco.

The plants are 5½ feet tall in some places and will average 4 feet, Morris reports. The normal plant in Kentucky, home of the nation's finest tobacco, is 3½ feet high. The leaves of the Oklahoma plants measure as much as 30 inches in length and 30 inches in width.

4 days, 15 hours, 29 minutes.

SKIMMING THE WEEK ON THE HOME FRONT

President Roosevelt signed the measure lowering the draft age from 20 to 18 years—making available for immediate military service as many as 1,500,000 of the 9,700,000 Americans who will be in uniform by the end of next year. . . . All pre-induction furloughs, formerly two weeks, have been cut to one week.

In Chicago six German-Americans who have been on trial for three weeks on charges of treason in aiding and sheltering Herbert Hans Haupt, the Nazi saboteur executed with others after an Army trial, were found guilty by a Federal court jury. The defendants were Hans and Erna Haupt, parents of Herbert Haupt; Walter and Lucille Froehling, his aunt and uncle, and Otto and Kate Wergin, friends of the Haupts and the Froehlings. They face a maximum penalty of death and a minimum of five years' imprisonment and a fine of $10,000.

Three publicists who pleaded guilty to acting as agents of the Japanese Government without registering as such were sentenced to seven years imprisonment. Had their acts occurred after Pearl Harbor, the Judge said he would have given them the maximum sentence of ten years and $5,000 fine.

More American babies were born in September than in any month since February, 1924. The birth rate was 22.9 per 1,000. . . . The WPB assured mothers that "current production of baby diapers is more than sufficient to take care of the increasing birth rate". . . . To save the time of nurses, hospitals in Bridgeport, Conn. ruled that fathers will be given only one glimpse of their babies during the wife's confinement.

The age limit for girls employed by companies engaged in war production was lowered from 18 to 16 years by the U.S. Labor Department. . . . The "Banker's Shift" of the Oiljak Manufacturing Company in Montclair, N. J. runs from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. and is worked by businessmen who volunteered their part-time services to turn out vital bomb parts.

Many Northern cities had their first snowfall. . . . Lowell Mellett, chief of the bureau of motion pictures in the Office of War Information, asked for a voluntary end of double-feature movies, as a wartime measure that would be beneficial to the nation's physical, mental and spiritual development.

The Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of the United States issued a statement "praying for a victory and for a peace acceptable to God." . . . Two of America's best known character actresses, Laura Hope Crews, 62, and Edna May Oliver, 59, died.

The Bear Facts

Issaquah, Wash.—Walking up a hill toward his bee hive, Harris H. Hall, elderly rancher, felt what he thought was his dog licking some honey off his heels. Looking down, he saw instead a black bear.

The honey on Rancher Hall's shoes did not interfere with his rapid climb up a maple tree, where he stayed for two hours until the bear got tired of waiting and ambled away.

Make Reservations Early

NEW YORK—Gaston Lauryssen, director of the St. Regis Hotel, got this letter from a Pittsburgh business man:

"I want you to reserve a double room, sitting room and bath on the third, fourth or fifth floors on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, for at least a day before, and two days after, the Victory Parade which will be held in New York at the end of the war."

MAIN STREET

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Each week on this page* YANK *will print home town news items written especially for us by local newspapers)*

PENNSYLVANIA

Maj. Gen. Edward Martin (R), USA, retired, won the governorship over F. Clair Ross (D), with a state-wide plurality of 218,000. In Philadelphia, however, the Martin-Ross vote was so close that the 1,200 mailed soldier votes may decide who led here; unofficial returns give Martin an edge of 503. A spectacular waterfront fire wrecked a warehouse at Delaware Avenue and Kenilworth Street; more than 100 firemen suffered slight injury from acid fumes. Plans to widen Vine street to take care of Delaware River Bridge traffic were abandoned for the duration. Robert B. Taylor, Norristown junior high-school principal, was acquitted on charges of whipping five boy pupils. Also at Norristown, an official and two employees of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. were freed on charges resulting from a trolley accident which killed 12 near Norristown last July. Leo Abernathy, president of the Pittsburgh Central Labor Union, refused to resign after the executive board criticized his political activity. About one-quarter of the estimated 1942 Pennsylvania apple crop—approximately 2,500,000 bushels—was lost because of the shortage of labor. Franciscan monks, made homeless by a $200,000 fire at the century-old St. Francis College, resumed their teaching in the 40-room mansion of late steelmaster Charles M. Schwab at Pittsburgh.

RHODE ISLAND

Democrats led by U. S. Senator Green and Gov. McGrath cleaned up again in the election. Local GOP voters didn't bother to come out worth a hoot. Mayor Denny Roberts of Providence may be called to service in January. OPA got after some 28 storekeepers during the week for exceeding the ceiling price on such things as yellow laundry soap and sports pants.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In Lamar, Zonnie Frazier, 19-year-old Negro, was sentenced to death for the murder of Night Policeman Claude DuBose. The only cotton gin in Givhans, Dorchester County, has burned. The Charleston County Hall has been turned over to the WAACs. In Florence, the county grand jury called for preparation of charges against four men for alleged irregularities in absentee balloting during last Democratic primary. One of them, Hubert Yarborough, unsuccessfully demanded immediate indictment and trial, as he has application for Navy commission pending. Gov. R. M. Jefferies has threatened to arrest any federal employee recruiting South Carolina labor for work elsewhere, unless a state license is obtained. Joseph L. Keitt, acting federal employment service head in this state, resigned rather than carry out federal orders and subject U. S. employees to state arrest.

UTAH

Deputy Sheriff Frank Elliott of Tooele County was charged by a coroner's jury with the fatal shooting of his former wife, Elizabeth Dwight Elliott, 38, postmistress of Wendover. Prominent advertisements were placed by the Utah Light & Traction Company for "30 bus drivers, men and women" with "good wages—earn while you learn." Utah's speed limit is 35 miles an hour for the duration. Salt Lake elementary schools will open one-half hour later each day to provide room for war workers on the city's transportation. The Idaho Falls, Pocatello and Twin Falls area ski clubs have been relinquished by the Pacific Northwest Ski Association to control of the Intermountain Ski Association, ending a considerable controversy.

VIRGINIA

In Richmond this year's Community Drive seems to be tops for all time; the giant quota was in sight several days before the deadline. Clerk Ben Tucker began his 30th year in Police Court, while Chick Gerring, desk sergeant at Second Station, began his 35th. Settled out of court was the famous Reynolds case, brought by the trustees of the bankrupt company; settlement figures were not released but rumored to be around $40,000. Executive committee of pro ball leagues agreed to reconsider Ben Chapman's suspension for socking an umpire in the Shaughnessy play-offs; sports writers supported Ben. Richmond mulled over the problem of repairing its long neglected carillon in Byrd Park. White Sulphur Springs has been leased to the Army for the duration. Sad news in the deaths of "Cap'n" Bob Forest, sports lover, and John L. Miller, Henrico dairyman.

HUMAN HAZARD. Cpl. George Wood, of the Fort Dix (N. J.) MPs, drives over the point of greatest resistance, with Sgt. Harry Baird holding up the plank. Cpl. Wood's exhibition of accurate driving was part of a review in which the MPs proved they could do anything from fire-fighting to first aid.

ARIZONA

John Hicks, Phoenix desperado, escaped from the Arizona prison in Florence after disguising himself in clothing of a fellow inmate and riding out of prison yard in dairy truck. Endeavoring to end their long standing feud, C. M. Menderson and the City of Phoenix are near agreement over operation of their busses. Menderson agreeing to operate on the east side of Central Avenue and the city on the west side. C. E. Addams, political leader and ex-state highway commissioner, was elected a member of the Phoenix school board, defeating C. A. Carson, attorney, 3 to 1. The Walnut Creek school collected the most scrap metal per pupil of any school in the state.

ARKANSAS

Voters of Arkansas last week passed an initiated act reducing the number of petitioners needed for calling local liquor elections. Some Little Rock hotels and cafes limit coffee drinkers to one cup; state-wide rationing begins Nov. 29. Fire destroyed the Arkansas induction center; then one day before the organization was to move into its new quarters another fire broke out. With only two remaining games, the North Little Rock Wildcats are leading the high school football conference with seven wins and one lost; El Dorado is in second place with five wins against one loss.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Chaffey Union High students at Ontario not only pitched in and saved the season's tomato crop but the group also netted $3,750 wages for harvesting 625 tons. Santa Barbara bankers and bank employees will aid in harvesting this area's lemon crop. Filling her son's place, when he enters Navy, Mrs. Emily Hendrick becomes El Segundo's first "postwoman." Fontana's new $87,000,000 steel plant opened for ship building. The 91st Liberty ship was launched in Los Angeles Harbor by the record-smashing California Shipbuilding Corporation. Hollywood's favorite whistling tune is "Praise The Lord and Pass the Ammunition.

CONNECTICUT

In New Haven thirty-odd thousand school kids get two days off while teachers register fuel oil-ration applicants. Nick Mona, county jailer who got licked for state treasurer, lost three prisoners from Whalley Avenue jail two days later. GOP took everything in the state except two sheriffs (Slavin of New Haven stayed in for Demmies). The party now controls both houses of the assembly the first time since 1926. Cider season is here but roadside stands have melted; no traffic.

KENTUCKY

Louisvillians oversubscribed Community Chest with $1,500,000. Kentuckians collected 326,881,266 pounds of scrap metal, averaging 114.7 pounds per person. Five prisoners, one a parolee, escaped from the Whitely County jail. Gov. Johnson officiated at the dedication of the Oneida maternity hospital in Clay County. Lexington's famous Phoenix Hotel has been turned over to the Army. Paducah began removal of its street-car rails. Rents were frozen in Fort Knox and Richmond areas. A move was launched to organize Kentucky militiamen to bust slot machines in Campbell and Kenton Counties.

INDIANA

Republican majorities were just short of a landslide, the GOP grabbing every major office, all legislative seats. About the only Democrats left in important offices are Gov. Henry F. Schricker and Lieut. Gov. Charles M. Dawson, who did not run this time. New state officers: Rue J. Alexander, Pine Village, secretary of state; Richard T. James, Portland, auditor; James A. Emmert, Shelbyville, attorney general. New mayor of Indianapolis: Maj. Gen. Robert H. Tyndall, former colonel of 150th Field Artillery and CO of Camp Shelby, Miss. Other new mayors: Evansville, Manson Reichert; Vincennes, Noble Barr; Lafayette, Austin R. Killiam; Rochester, O. I. Mintor; Madison, O. L. Head; LaPorte, John S. Martin; New Castle, Sidney E. Baker; Linton, William Carlton; Marion, Edward Wert; Muncie, John C. Hamilton; Kokomo, Charles V. Orr; Terre Haute, Vern R. McMillan; South Bend, Jesse I. Pavey; Ft. Wayne, Harry Baals; Bloomington, Jack Bruner; Brazil, Clint M. Wilson; Columbus, Carlos Folger; Rushville, Dan A. Long; Richmond, John H. Britten.

IOWA

Republicans not only elected a U. S. senator, all congressmen, and all state officers, but left only 11 Democrats in the legislature. Defeated Sen. Clyde L. Herring says he's through with politics. Democrat Gus Alesch, who objected to state fair sideshows, lost a house seat to Henry Wormley, Kingsley Republican. Dr. J. K. Coddington died after re-election as Humboldt County coroner. A survey shows car-driving cut 24 per cent. Transportation difficulties cut the state teachers' convention attendance from 10,000 to 3,000. Ninety per cent of bumper corn crop has been harvested by machines. The State Liquor Commission rationed permit holders to 12 quarts of whiskey a month. Republicans swept all Woodbury county offices, biggest upsets being the defeat of Sheriff W. R. Tice and County Attorney Maurice E. Rawlings by Edwin L. Lunde and Edward L. Moran, respectively. The Methodist hospital at Sioux City announced a refinancing plan which will reduce indebtedness from $200,000 to $90,000.

MASSACHUSETTS

Camp Edwards soldiers are not going to have any trouble getting the where with all to wet their whistles; twelve towns on Cape Cod voted wet at the recent election. Leominster is having trade school trouble; war industries are paying such high wages that the school can't find teachers. In Marlboro, plans have been agreed upon for the removal of street-car rails. Shortage of tires is putting some buses on Fitchburg transportation lines out of business. Gloucester's famous schooner, Gertrude Thebaud, is going to war—in the Coast Guard.

MARYLAND

Political storms were an aftermath of a reversal by the Liquor License Appeal Board of a decision by the Baltimore Board suspending the license of the Chanticleer Cafe for 60 days; plans are afoot to investigate the bureau. Toll-free ferry service has been authorized across the Chesapeake by Army Engineers. Capt. Louis M. Rawlins, USA, manager of the Baltimore airport for 10 years, was killed recently in Texas. No. 814 Cathedral Street, Baltimore mansion of the late Gen. Lawrason Riggs, was sold to make way for an apartment house. Baltimore Orioles ice hockey team disbanded for the duration; place in the league will be taken by the Curtis Bay Coast Guard.

NEW YORK

Republicans swept Western New York elections, the only victorious Democrats being three Buffalo candidates for the State Legislature. Stephen Lamb was elected mayor of Niagara Falls. Sanborn School, near Lewiston, burned to the ground; the principal, Milton Gurvitz, 22, of Buffalo, said he was bound by two armed men and left in the burning building, that he escaped by loosening his bonds.

NORTH CAROLINA

Proposed amendments to the state constitution, a) centralizing management of public schools in North Carolina in one board instead of a number of agencies, and b) authorizing separate solicitorial and judicial districts, were approved by the voters. Carl T. Durham of Chapel Hill, sixth North Carolina district representative in Congress, announced the War Department has authorized a hospital for the Air Force at Greensboro, to cost between $1,000,000 and $5,000,000.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Bull-dogs, after a 43-2 triumph over Austin High of El Paso, seek to keep their undefeated record against North Phoenix High at Phoenix. Hardin-Simmons, still undefeated, topped Border Conference standings with a 40-0 slaughter of West Texas. Texas Mines downed Temple, 40-6. State Teachers defeated the Military Institute, 7-6, in their last game for the duration.

MISSOURI-KANSAS

Missouri went Republican on election day, not in the big, all-out way that Kansas did, but enough to leave no doubt of the change in state sentiment. The GOP elected eight of 13 congressmen, the state superintendent of schools, and a majority of the lower House of the legislature. The Kansas clean-up was complete, leaving not a Democrat on guard in Topeka or at Washington. Maplewood and Kirkwood, St. Louis suburbs, have modified their smoke laws; said they couldn't get enough smokeless coal to meet needs. St. Louis and University City still stick to enforcement of smoke-elimination law, requiring smokeless coal for hand-firing.

OHIO

The Chesapeake & Ohio Bridge across the Ohio River from Covington, Ky., to Cincinnati will be toll-free Dec. 1. Cincinnati's drive for scrap brought in the 750-foot metal fence surrounding the famous Lane Theological Seminary in Walnut Hills, site of the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Harry Wernke, stormy petrel of the Cincinnati administration and safety director since 1937, will retire Dec. 1; he'll reach the retirement age of 70 Nov. 26.

OREGON

The GOP made a fairly clean sweep of political Oregon, sending Earl Snell, popular secretary of state, to the governor's chair. Republicans also elected four representatives to the house in Washington, ousting old-timer Walter M. Pierce of LaGrande with newcomer Lowell Stockman; re-electing Homer D. Angell and James W. Mott, and sending Harris Ellsworth, Roseburg newspaper man, to represent the newly-created 4th district.

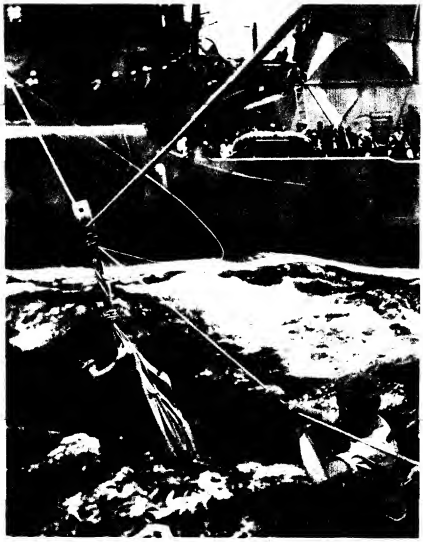
FATHERS AND SONS. Above are two Signal men who have worked together before. Pvt. Bradley Ausbun (left) and his son, Pvt. Claude Ausbun, repair a damaged line near Camp Crowder, Mo., where they are in training. Their home is in Puyallup, Wash. At right is another family, both sergeants, though you can see who's top—Phil Joncas, and son, Bill Joncas, of Camp Edwards, Mass.

A DATE IN INDIA. Cpl. Harold Klemetson, of Ulen, Minn., and Pfc. Oscar Cavazos, of Raymondville, Texas, got a weekend pass from their G.I. duties in New Delhi. With two girls, who are Anglo-Indians, they took a trip to see the famous Taj Mahal. They walked in the temple grounds, saw the Taj, with its dome in repair, from a balcony, and finally the corporal picked his girl a ten dollar lily.

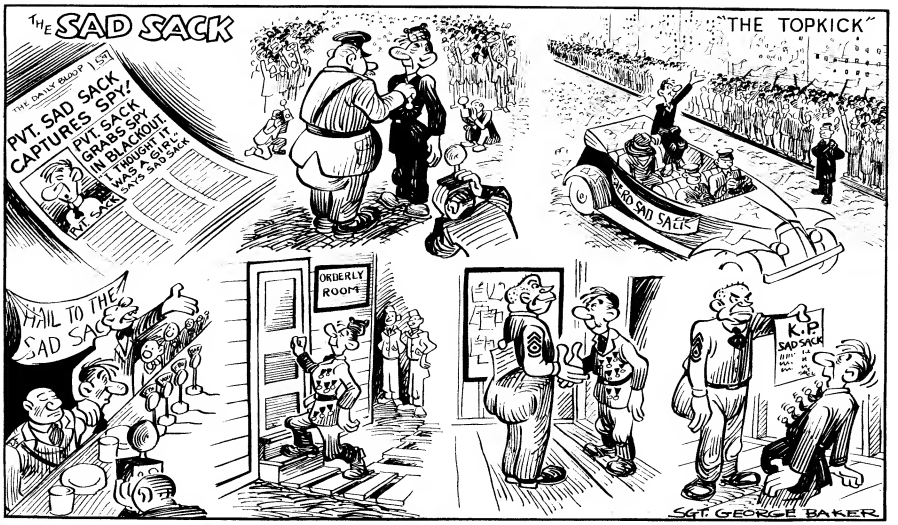
A somewhat unusual bulletin board serves to bear news for U. S. troops in New Caledonia.

CALLING NEW. The reception committee on the left seems to be accepting a gift which the U.S. soldier is presenting on behalf of his friends. Now it's up to the native girl to say "welcome to New Guinea." Just what she said is not quite clear but the G.I.'s seem to be enjoying the visit.

LOADED. U.S. fliers, who are helping to blast the Axis out of Africa, look up into bomb bay of plane. Facing camera (l. to r.): Lt. William Bryant, Lt. Jack Cross, and Sgt. C. H. Cornwall.



TRANSFER. In the South Pacific a breeches buoy is used to move the survivors of an American ship sunk in naval action against Japs, from a destroyer to a cruiser.



BETWEEN the LINES

NO BIRDHOUSE

Possibly if you have been down to the orderly room recently you have observed that there is no birdhouse on the window sill. There is quite a story behind this, and we thought perhaps you would like to hear it. It all started when Cpl. Finch, the company clerk, noticed a bird on the window sill.

"Look," he says to the lieutenant. "There's a bird on the window sill."

"So there is," says the lieutenant. "Looks like a sparrow."

"We ought to build a birdhouse for it," says Cpl. Finch. "It might want to live here."

"Sure, that's a good idea," says the lieutenant. "Why don't you go to the supply room and see if you can get some wood to build a birdhouse?"

So Cpl. Finch goes away, and pretty soon he comes back and says the supply room has no authority to requisition wood for sparrows.

"Did you call 'attention,' sir?"

"Sparrows?" asks the captain, who was standing nearby. "What sparrows?"

"Out there on the window sill," says Cpl. Finch. "We were trying to build a birdhouse for the sparrow."

"That isn't a sparrow," says the captain. "It looks more like a starling. Maybe I'd better write a letter about it. It ought to go through military channels."

So Cpl. Finch writes a letter, gets the captain to sign it, and takes it to the major. The major raises his eyebrows and comes out to take a look.

"Say, that isn't a starling," says the major. "I think it is a female indigo bunting, or maybe a purple-throated grosbeak. Better type this over and just call it a bird."

So Cpl. Finch types the letter over and the major signs it. After a while a lieutenant colonel comes over from the regiment, all steamed up.

"What the hell goes on down here?" he starts. "What is this business about a birdhouse?"

"It's for the sparrow," says the lieutenant. "Look—out there on the window sill."

"I think it's a starling," says the captain.

"Or a purple-throated grosbeak," says the major.

"Humm—cute, isn't it?" says the lieutenant colonel. "I wonder if it is a lady bird or a gentleman bird?"

"I dunno," says Cpl. Finch. "If we had a birdhouse we could sort of watch it. Maybe it would lay an egg."

"Well, this is highly irregular," says the lieutenant colonel. "However, I guess we can arrange something. Personally, I think it's a spotted thrush."

So the lieutenant colonel dictates an indorsement and hangs around. Half an hour later a full colonel comes over from headquarters.

"What in blazes do you people think we're running around here—an army or a bird sanctuary?" snorts the colonel. "Don't you think I have more important things to do than run around building birdhouses? Where the devil is this bird, anyway?"

"Over on the window sill," says Cpl. Finch.

"Ah, yes—a duffle-winged catbird," says the colonel. "Looks like a young one. Well, if we're going to put through a letter requesting a birdhouse, we ought to include the specifications. Does anybody have the plans for this birdhouse?"

"No, I never thought of that," says the major. "Just an ordinary birdhouse would do. Maybe we could paint the regimental insignia on it."

"Probably we had better refer it to the adjutant general," says the colonel. "Maybe we ought to coordinate it through Public Relations, too. They might be able to get a picture in the papers. Let's go on up to my office and have a conference."

All this time the bird had just been sitting on the window sill, paying no particular attention to anything, but now it rapped on the ledge with its beak and cleared its throat.

"Look, folks," says the bird, in a high-pitched whistle. "Don't you go to no trouble on account of me. I just stopped here for a minute because I was plumb pooped out. I'm on my way south for the Winter."

So saying, the bird hopped off the window sill and flew away along the road. No one has seen it since.

And that is why there is no birdhouse on the orderly room window sill.

O/C DAVID R. MCLEAN
OCS, MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

"And how long, may I ask, have you been in a tank unit?"

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 24
NOV. 25, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

STRICTLY G.I.

For Free

Safety razors and blades, shaving cream, tooth brushes, tooth powder and soap now may be issued to troops in the field as part of their rations, at the discretion of the commander of the field forces. Other articles which may be issued as a part of a day's ration include an ounce of candy, two books of safety matches, and 20 cigarettes or one ounce of chewing or smoking tobacco. In theaters of operations, when such articles can't be obtained anywhere else by troops, they may be issued by the commander from stocks supplied by the Quartermaster Corps.

Chow

New on the list of dehydrated foods for troops overseas are baked beans, prune and apricot powders (for jams), and a Swiss cheese soup. Besides the cheese, the soup contains powdered milk, potato, oat and soya flours, onions, and celery and parsley salts.

Coffee

Washington has finished negotiations with Brazil to set up equipment there to produce dehydrated coffee for the armed forces. Coffee can be shipped in one seventh the space it used to occupy.

Powdered lemon juice and cocoa are replacing java in two of the three canned packages of the B unit of Emergency Field Ration C. Enough powder to make a pint of each drink will be wrapped in cellophane in the C kit.

Allergy

• Pvt. Martin Berry of Pahokee, Fla., got an honorable discharge when he was found hopelessly allergic to wool. Pvt. E. R. Shilling of Camp Crowder, Mo., was reclassified as 1-B when he was found allergic to rubber and couldn't wear a gas mask. Shilling, incidentally, worked in civil life at a plant in Auburn, Ind., which made only rubber toys.

War Bonds

The War Department, grinning from ear to ear, has announced that nearly 2,000,000 soldiers, from privates to generals, are buying something like $13,000,000 worth of war bonds every pay day.

Citations

Col. Frank H. Barnwell, commanding the 263rd Coast Artillery, passed a shivering, overcoatless sentry on a vehicle bridge one raw night, stopped and loaned the guard his own coat. When the sentry, Pfc. Ralph E. Zelno of Stuyvesant, N. Y., returned the coat the next morning the colonel found that Zelno had been in the Army for eight months and had never had a furlough. The colonel gave him one for 15 days.

A soldier at Hill Field, Utah, got an emergency furlough and a plane ticket to go to his wife, who was near death. When there was no room on the plane, two civilians offered him their seats. When he got accommodations on the next plane instead, the two men changed their own reservations in order to be with the soldier and cheer him up. Their names: John Garfield, movie star, and Dick Jurgens, orchestra leader.

Labor Saver

To save Navy flyers in the Pacific the time and labor it takes to paint a little Jap flag on their ships every time they down a Nipponese plane, the Navy is sending them decalcomanias—little stickers that transfer the design to the surface of the plane. The decalcomanias come in packets of 12 and the Navy will be more than glad to replace any packet that's used up.

Naughty Words

To carry out Gen. Washington's much-publicized general order against cussing, two sergeants at Camp Edwards, Mass., have placed a "fluff box" in a corner of a room, and every time either of them says a swear word he has to put a dime in the kitty. All we can say is that things were a hell of a lot different in the Old Army.

Stationery

After some controversy about printed advertising matter on "Free" letters, the Post Office Department has okayed the use of USO stationery, which carries the USO imprint on it.

Information

A new 46-page booklet is being distributed among Army personnel to explain provisions for the welfare and protection of dependents. It covers transportation of dependents and their household goods, allotments of pay and deductions, allowances for men reported missing, joint bank accounts, personal business affairs, medical care and hospitalization for dependents, and provisions for dependents of men who die in the service.

It also explains the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance of 1942, the amended Soldier's and Sailor's Relief Act of 1940, Veteran's Administration, War Bonds, income tax, Army Emergency Relief and the American Red Cross.

The Draft

Congressman Clevenger, Republican of Ohio, reminded the House of the mobilization order issued by Haile Selassie when the Italians jumped Ethiopia: "All men 14 to 80 years report, bringing spears. Married men bring wives to cook and work. Single men bring any convenient woman. Men found at home will be shot."

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Yankees at Bat

In Ankara, Vichy Ambassador Gaston Bergery, discussing American successes in North Africa, complained that U. S. forces sent there were "all baseball champions, which makes resistance most difficult."

The Bourse Lays an Egg

Opening of the new African Front brought a Black Monday to Sweden's Stockholm Bourse. Shares of concerns having German business took a headlong dive to record low levels for the year, with drops of up to 50 points.

Tsk, Tsk—Velly Solly

"The landing of American forces in Africa is illegal," squawked the Japanese radio. It went on to describe Gen. Eisenhower's appeal asking the French of North Africa to help the invading Allies as "a most ungentlemanly act."

Only Negroes Read Bibles

An Italian broadcast from Rome: "We have a new proof of American hypocrisy. Their War Department has decided to distribute Bibles to all American soldiers. There will be three editions of this Bible—one for Protestants, one for Catholics, one for Jews. This foolish attempt to confer dignity on their war is very hypocritical, and it is doomed to failure because it is only the Negroes who read the Bible in the U. S."

Medal for a Mouthpiece

The Burlington (Wis.) Liars' Club, organized in 1929 to recognize the world's best prevaricators, has established a department for professionals, and given the first award, "the Medal of the Order of the Double Cross," to Nazi Germany's Paul Goebbels. Goebbels won it with this broadcast from Berlin:

"Flash from Washington, D. C.: From confidential sources it is learned that prisoners serving long terms and life sentences for manslaughter, bank robbery and other crimes are taking full advantage of the opportunity of obtaining their release from prison by joining the Communist Party."

In the absence of Goebbels, the club made the presentation to an old talking machine. "It is a perfect likeness," said club president O. C. Hulett. "Like Goebbels, a phonograph is just a mouthpiece for someone else. It speaks only at the will of its owner, and then speaks only what its master wants it to."

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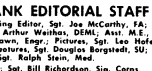

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Lay out, Sgt. Arthur Waithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., Sgt Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

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Navy: Yeo. 3-c Robert L. Schwartz.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

WOMAN IN WHITE

Step up men and I'll tell you a tale
Of a vision in white and a misfortunate male.

My story begins, and that day I curse,
When I fell in love with an army nurse.

I caught my breath as she walked through the door
This marvelous maid from the Medical Corps.

My pulse increased, my blood pressure dropped
When she took my temp, the thermometer popped.

She called the doc, and a guy walked in
With a Milwaukee chest and a double chin.

He said, "My boy, you don't look well."
I lay back and grinned like an imp from hell
And looked deep into that nurse's eyes
As blue as the blue in Irish skies,
And said to the doc, "Don't call the hearse,
I'm just in love with an army nurse."

The weeks flew by, as I lay in bed
I vowed this lovely nurse I'd wed,
But little I knew that as I grew well
I was doomed to a fate far worse than hell,
For this government gal with eyes like stars
On her shoulders wore two golden bars,
While I, in the Army too, by cripes,
Was only wearin' a couple of stripes.

Oh the Navy's in training out on the lake
And a naval commander is feeding her steak;
So I curse the day she looked at me
That G.I. gal from the ANC.

CPL. JOHN A. MCALLISTER
OVERSEAS

POEM

I'm a Japanese jerk
From Japan.
I work and I work
For Japan.
I get eight cents a day
(Which isn't much pay).
If the Axis wins out
I'll get 10 cents, no doubt;
So, "Onward to glorious triumph," I shout,
And meanwhile I'm reading a textbook about
How to speak German.

S/SGT. DAVID R. MCLEAN
CAMP WOLTERS, TEX.

OUR BATHROOM

Our bathroom's just like Broadway,
The kids go marching through;
If, you're sitting in the bathtub—
Well, that's too bad for you.

Privacy is something
That you only read about:
If you're bashful you'll go dirty
Until the lights go out.

2ND LT. ELIZABETH ITZEN
ANC, AUSTRALIA

POST-WAR PLANNING

The time came for the shouting,
beautiful children to come down
from the trackless hills
Onto the plain, where they could
see the people and the cities,
and the war.
They came unpained into the
strange sun of the flatlands
which chilled them at dusk
When the enemy bombers threw
swift shadows across plains of
grain. The hills were not safe.
But there were no safe plains.
The shouting, beautiful children
slept in a hangar, shining in the
moonlight with whorls of stars.
The lean chuckling pilots covered
them with coats.
These great men, their blood excited at the movement of pistons, fierce anger in their eyes,
Remained with the children until
the flight. When that evening
came a little boy ran to one of
them and clutched him and cried
beside the thunder of motors.
The pilot said: Son, stand
straightly. The evening is small
to the sky. Stand with your
shoulders parallel to clouds,
going everywhere.
There lies our strength, our joy
forever.

CPL. SAUL GOTTLIEB
FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What once was a meal,
In the Army's a mess.
But I'd be a heel
If I didn't confess
That a guy can grow fatter
From eating the latter.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

Whatcha say some of those magazines back there give the Army nurse a break. Them nurses are doing one hell of a good job. Let's hold down on the glamor gals of WAAC long enough to say a few words for the gals behind the men up front!

T/5 CHAS. H. MENDELL
HAWAII

You're right—they deserve everything. Incidentally, a poem by one appears above.

Dear YANK:

A guy with streaks of garbage all over his clothes would make not a pretty picture either to himself or anybody else. Yet in another sense that is just about how offensive the soldier is who has a continuous string of obscenity in his conversation. The majority of soldiers do not relish all the vile language they have to hear. The user of endless obscenity certainly brands himself to some about him.

PVT. CARL E. PETERSON
FORT SILL, OKLA.

Dear YANK:

I read YANK regularly, but notice that most soldiers (here anyway) don't read it much. I think your articles are excellent, and so are the cartoons, but in the humor department and on the fiction side, YANK goes slightly high schoolish. I know you want to keep it clean, but after all the boys are interested in sex, and *Esquire* and a few other magazines give us sex and still get by the mail, so why can't YANK?

GROUND CREW PRIVATE

Dear YANK:

It's about time somebody put you straight. The call that wakes up the troops in the morning is not called reveille as you seem to think. It is called "first call" and is played 15 minutes before reveille. Reveille is played only after the troops are lined up to answer roll call.

I ought to know since I am the bugler of Headquarters Bn. 124th F.A. in addition to my other duties. And in case you want the answer to the eternal question of who wakes up the bugler, don't tell anyone but it's the CQ.

PVT. PAUL KOTIK
FORT LEWIS, WASH.

Dear YANK:

In your "Company Street" column Oct. 28 I read of the challenge given by a sentry at Fort Riley. Before coming to Kansas our battalion was stationed at Camp Perry, Ohio. One of our sentries, getting a bit befuddled with his words as he gave his *first* challenge, "Halt! Who am I?"

Came a voice from the darkness, "How in hell do I know. You have the flashlight."

PVT. ALBERT A. IRWIN
FORT RILEY, KANS.

Dear YANK:

I have read several issues of YANK and enjoy everything it contains, but one thing I find that it does not contain. I am a Negro and I would like very much to read what the Negro is doing in the present war. In fact I would like to read about some other Negro unit and hear of their pleasures, struggles and complaints. You see, all of the boys have their ideas and I have mine.

We are having a swell time on the other side of the Atlantic. We hear your "G.I. Jive Program" every night but sometimes it does not come in so clear.

T/4 TYLORS D. SIMON
OVERSEAS

On pages 8 and 9 in our Aug. 5 issue we ran a story on the Negro 761st Tank Battalion. Sorry you missed it, but more are coming on colored fighters who do a swell job.

Dear YANK:

Regarding an item in your issue of Sept. 2 about the resolutions passed by the 24th annual convention of the American Legion of California, many of the personnel in my group over here in England, on the front line so to speak, were much annoyed.

Most of us joined the Army to fight for what we thought was right, our democratic way of life. The thanks we get are such narrow-minded and intolerant acts as those displayed by the California American Legion. It is just as bad as shooting us in the back.

2ND LT. ROBERT L. EDWARDS
ENGLAND

Words Across The Sea

S/Sgt. Richard Thayer, Medical Detachment, Fort Jay, has been in for two years. He was a medical student at Colby College, Maine, before that. He wants Cpl. Thomas Lynch, whom he met during Carolina maneuvers, to know that he still goes to the same pubs, and adds: "T/Sgt. Rowe sends his regards. His wife is awaiting the stork. Drop me a line between cracks at the Japs."

Sgt. Harold A. Kossover was a cop in New York City for 18 months before he became a basic training instructor at Camp Upton, L. I. He will be off to Officer Candidate School by the time you read this. "You played a dirty trick leaving for the South Pacific without me," Harry chides Sgt. George Rosen. "Hang on till I get there." Maybe Rosen will be sporting bars by the time they meet, too.

1/Cpt. G. E. Wallace is stationed at Camp Borden, Ont., with a Canadian tank outfit. His father, Maj. W. J. Wallace, is with the 12th Sq. #2 CACRU — somewhere. "Having a good time here in America on furlough, but I wish I was with you," he tells his dad. "At last I got my first hook with pay which is better than Jack got. Mom and Doug are fine."

Sgt. Albert Johnston hails from Bradford, England, and after 14 months with the Infantry, he was sent to Moody Field, Ga., for training with the U.S. Air Force. He has plenty of news for his buddy Signalman Albert Edward Fretwell with the Air Formation Signals in Libya. "Reunion is still on," he says. "Norman made second lieutenant, Harold has been grounded, and Jimmy got married."

Cpl. Mel Greenstone, age 22, has his sights set on Officer Candidate School. He was a salesman before he entered Camp Davis, N. C. His message goes to friend Cpl. Mike Katz, now with the Air Force in England. "Believe it or not," he says, "I may be an officer. I saw your girl friend, Harriet, and she's holding the home front waiting for you. Remember our slogan, 'You keep 'em flying and I'll shoot 'em down' as we signed our letters."

A Wide Open Letter

TO THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

It is time to make the uniform more dashing.

From Cpl. Marion Hargrove With Wide Open Illustrations by Sgt. Ralph Stein

Gentlemen:

It might be true and again it mightn't, but we have heard from time to time that you of the Quartermaster Corps are far from complacent about your work and that you welcome suggestions and criticisms from the rank and file. We are the rank and file.

First of all, we have been meaning for some time to speak to you about the uniform of the American soldier. Admittedly, this costume is well designed, so far as mere comfort and durability are concerned. But we feel that with the constant change of fashion it is high time that something was done to make the uniform more chic, more dashing, more soignee. The thing as it stands now is just too conservative.

Mind you, we do not suggest that the soldiers of the U. S. be clothed in the zoot suits they wore while they were still civilians. What we should like to see is a kind of a sort of a combination of the modern sports ensemble, the outfit of the old British Grenadier, the full-dress Marine and the 33rd Degree Mason. We feel that you will find the accompanying drawing helpful when you start designing the new toggery.

The soldier then, with his new clothes and the accompanying pride and morale, could hardly be asked to go back to the comparatively primitive quarters he now occupies. These quarters—be they pup tents, three-quarter tents, Nissen huts or barracks—are all right in their own little ways, but the facilities will have to be improved.

Had it occurred to you, sirs, that the bunks now occupied by such soldiers as use bunks are not equipped with reading lamps, radios, bedside tables or even breakfast trays? Did you know that barracked soldiers who occupy upper bunks have to endanger life and limb by climbing into these bunks without ladders? We hope that only a hint will be necessary to you in these matters.

Had it occurred to you, sirs, that the bunks are not equipped with reading lamps, radios or even breakfast trays?

We cannot overemphasize the importance of imaginative service.

Another complaint worthy of note comes from a pen-pal of ours who swapped a stool at the Hollywood Trocadero for a foreign field known only to God and the postmaster at San Francisco. The complaint pertains to the serviee in mess halls.

Numerous civilian restaurants (or "salles à manger," as we used to call them in New Orleans) find that their business is increased and their customers are made happy by unbelievably simple deviers. A sprig of parsley on the spare-ribs, a maraschino cherry in the morning grapefruit—these things make a world of difference. The idea could be applied even to creamed beef on toast.

We cannot overemphasize to you the importance of imaginative service. But, before we leave the subject, we should like to say a word about the War Department theaters, if you have any pull with that outfit. There is a deplorable lack of ushers—a gap which could be easily filled by employing attractive feminine civilians—and the doormen are usually sour and surly dogfaces like the ones we came to the movies to get away from in the first place. Why not have toothsome young doorwomen in their places?

These are all little things, you think, but just you wait and see. As soon as you get started on them, you yourselves will find more and more lovely services you can render to make life in the Army pleasant and cozy and comfortable for the rank and file.

We wish you the best of luck on your new project.

Yours respectfully,

The Undersigned.

HOLLYWOOD. 20th Century-Fox announces a paper called *Back Home* to be sent to employees now in the armed forces. What makes this news is that Betty Grable is editor. . . . Director George Cukor, now in the Army at Fort Monmouth, N. J., writes that he's enjoying every minute and is crazy about the food. He signs himself "the oldest private in the world." . . . Immediately after taking out citizenship papers Charles Laughton was cast as a racetrack bookie in Damon Runyon's next. . . . Films called "Oran" and "Casablanca" were announced the day after American landings in North Africa, but luckiest of all were the producers of "Road to Morocco" and "Cairo," which were already showing. . . . Fred Astaire's next picture is based on the life of Arthur Murray, the man who teaches dancing in a hurry.

Fred Astaire

BROADWAY. Katharine Hepburn walks off with honors for her performance in Philip Barry's "Without Love," the second play the Theatre Guild is producing in one week to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary. Uneven was the word the critics used for the play, but vivid was the word for Katy. . . . Ed Wynn and hefty Elsa Maxwell will join Lili Damita, Dolores Del Rio, Peggy Wood, and one other to make up a Floradora Sextet for the coming China Relief Show. . . . Friends of George M. Cohan say he finished a musical comedy and a straight play before his death. . . . Radio tryouts for new plays are under consideration as a simple and inexpensive substitute for out-of-town tryouts.

Katharine Hepburn

THIS AND THAT. Sinclair Lewis has finished another novel called "Gideon Planish". . . . There is talk of major-league baseball teams training in Mexico as a good will gesture. . . . "The Army Life" by Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr., YANK's New Guinea correspondent, will be published by Simon & Schuster. . . . A collector's item is the *Frankfurter Zeitung* editorial which accuses the book "Berlin Diary" of being the sole cause for America's entrance into the war. . . . Capt. Alice Marble of the American Women's Hospital Reserve Corps has been promoted to major. . . . Boys in "This is the Army" report they have no trouble getting dates except in towns close to Navy stations. . . . Edgar Bergen has found a 15-year-old ventriloquist said to be sensational. Her name is Shirley Dinsdale.

Alice Marble

MUSIC. Latest rumor is that big bands are doomed and that six- and seven-piece units, Dixieland style, will be in vogue. . . . Benny Goodman is still blushing over the clinker he hit while playing the "Rhapsody in Blue" with Toscanini. . . . Tired of the transportation and draft problems which now beset bandleaders, Will Bradley has gone to work for somebody else. He's playing a trombone under his real name, Wilbur Schwichtenberger. . . . People must be staying home more. Sheet-music sales are the biggest they have been for 15 years.

Adele Mara

Working girl pictured on the opposite page is one of [illegible] Hollywood. She's the starlet [illegible] "Never Lovelier," and [illegible] by all who see her.

JANET LEARNS TO NECK AT 9 A. M.

JANET BLAIR took her first screen test in embarrassing circumstances. At 9 in the morning she was thrown into a series of torrid embraces with John (Bulldog Drummond) Howard.

"I wasn't used to necking that early in the morning," Miss Blair confesses. "I was all upset and tense about it at first, but there was nothing I could do so I finally just relaxed and enjoyed it."

The studio executives evidently enjoyed it, too, for the next thing Miss Blair knew she was under contract to Columbia and playing a no-good minx in a picture titled "Three Girls About Town."

Before being imprisoned in celluloid, Miss Blair (born Janet Lafferty in Altoona, Pa.) was one of the chief reasons impressionable youths hung around the local bandstand when the late Hal Kemp was playing. She sang with the band and she sang good. It was the disorganization of the outfit after Hal's death that left her in Hollywood and led her finally to try the movies.

Today, in her spare time from picture-making, she devotes her soulful brown eyes and Petty-proportioned chassis to soldier entertainment in camps all over. The West Coast dogfaces naturally have profited most by this, but she's covered a good part of the rest of the country and has sung and played in radio shows like "Command Performance" that are shortwaved almost everywhere.

Her devotion to the Army is only natural for, like a sensible girl, she's engaged to a private. The lucky private is an old chum from the Kemp days, Louis Bush, who used to play piano and arrange for the Carolina maestro. Pvt. Bush is still an arranger, but the band he's working with peddles licks for the benefit of Santa Ana Air Base in California. It's a good band, too, even if the enthusiasm in Miss Blair's voice when she speaks of it *might* be tempered with personal affection.

Miss Blair would like soldiers even if she weren't engaged to one. She's that kind of a girl, and the soldiers go for her in equal measure. The feeling can be summed up in the story of a flying cadet who won a date with her in a contest. He won the contest by writing the best five reasons he could think of for a date with Janet Blair.

Janet Blair

His first four reasons were routine. She was pretty. She was shapely. She had a nice voice. She looked as if she'd be fun. His last reason was the clincher.

"Anybody," he wrote fervently, "would be a plain damn' fool not to want a date with Janet Blair."

'Flare Path' Has London Crying in the Aisles

LONDON—The kid sitting there in the darkened theater couldn't have been more than 21, but you could tell he'd already been through hell. His insignia said he was a bomber pilot; his decorations told the rest. He was a brave man, yet by the dim light you could see tears coursing down his face. Something from his own life was being enacted on the stage, something that cut very deeply.

He sat with a young woman who was slightly older than he was—possibly 25. She was poised and groomed and most attractive. When she saw he was trying to shield his face with his hand she took his hand and held it very gently.

What had touched them so deeply was a play called "Flare Path." It is pretty grim, but it symbolizes the impact of war on individual lives.

Back in New York the critics probably would call the author, Sgt. Terrance Rattigan—aerial gunner, RAF—a strict sentimentalist. In addition to "Flare Path," Rattigan wrote "French Without Tears," and somebody's bound to call this new one "English With Tears."

The play concerns the most obvious situation—the eternal cryangle. The heroine, a slightly bitchy former actress, rebounds into the arms of a young flyer after an affair with an American actor. This ham travels to England to visit her while she is visiting her husband at a little inn near the RAF station. Apparently the kid doesn't know his wife's past, though you have the feeling he does all along. Anyway, he's very friendly and naive about the whole thing.

The actor tries to pursuade the heroine to return as his mistress, and she is on the verge of taking him up when the kid goes off on an operational flight, leaving wife and actor alone. A friendly squadron leader, whose intuition smells the ham in search of a sandwich, keeps the actor and the wife apart while the kid is laying his eggs. Comes the dawn and the flyer returns. He has a nervous crack-up and tells his wife he's really a horrible coward.

She's deeply touched at his confidence, assures him that he's really very brave, and that she'll give up her flat and come live with him and be his love. The ham then gets noble and takes off, bag and baggage. The flyer keeps the dame.

You can see what a hackneyed plot the play has, yet it's a marvelous hit here, mainly because it's a fairly accurate reflection of the sentiments of war. And the sight of that young flyer in the audience makes one feel this is no time to rationalize.

YANK's LONDON BUREAU

McTurk Minus a Molar

CHUMS, you are now looking at a Sad Sack of McTurk. He's got a bum wisdom tooth but he doesn't want to have it out because, as he says, "I can't afford to be no dumber than I am." He is using his cheroot (picked up on a Wilkes-Barre sidewalk in 1906) as a temporary filling, but the pain is awful. "Guess I better betake meself to the dennis," he says at last.

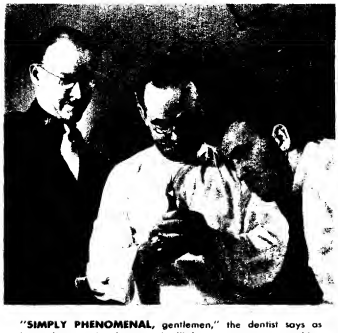
In real life Pvt. McTurk is Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va., and he keeps his three teeth polished all the time. Photos by Sgt. Pete Paris, who is toothless.

"WELL, my little man, what seems to be the trouble?" the dentist wants to know. "Me molar," says Mac. "Do you want me to knock it out with my fist or do it legal?" the dentist asks. Mac's butt turns to jelly.

THE DENTIST takes a peek at the most painful portion of Mac. "Some tooth," he says. "Was your mother ever frightened by a horse?" "Awk glub," Mac says. He has not swallowed his cigar; merely transferred it to his sweaty right hand. "I think I'll give a little tug on your tooth," says the dentist.

THE LITTLE TUG turns out to be a first class jerk, or a jerk first class, as we say in the Army. The dentist obviously got his job through pull. Mac's tooth hates to leave his gum. It's going to miss all those thick steaks and that nice cold beer. Mac rises to the occasion.

WELL, the tooth is out, and so is McTurk, to all intents and purposes. He is just a little delirious. "Hello, Mom," he says, "it was a great fight. He never laid a glove on me. I'll be right home." That *plop!* you hear is McTurk plowing into the parquet.



"SIMPLY PHENOMENAL, gentlemen," the dentist says as he looks over Mac's ex-tooth. "I have never seen anything like it." The dentist, the major and the pill-pusher gape at the marvelous molar. "And he's got a lot more of them, too," the major says. "We must keep that boy around here." Mac's father must have been an Elk.

LATER, Mac studies the marvels of dentistry. He's glad the tooth is out, but he's going to miss it. "Goodbye, ole pal," he says. "We chomped through a lot of cow together, but it looks like the end of the trail." You never can tell, though, in the Army. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if the needles don't get you the forceps must.

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

The Peeffcee

The pfc. is a military mystery. He is akin to the warrant officer—in a class by himself, neither fish nor fowl. No yardbird is he, nor yet a noncom. His is a floating authority; he is an apprentice to an over-healthy corporal. He is $12 and 31 fatigue details short of a technician fifth grade. But to his bare-armed cousin, the private, he is a figure to envy.

Through history he has been an inconspicuous character with a vital task. A pfc. it was who fired the starting gun for T-5 Phidippides on his run at the Battle of Marathon. He was coxswain of the crew that rowed Gen. Washington across the Delaware. He was the orderly who kept the general's uniforms pressed for the Civil War scenes in "Custer's Last Stand." He was the first marine to scratch his name with his bayonet on the halls of Montezuma and the shores of Tripoli.

When they make a pfc. he inevitably says, "I guess they think they did me a favor," and he swears by all that's G.I. that they will bust him to private before they will get him to wear that humble stripe. But he has them sewed on his field jacket and painted on his fatigues before his order has stopped swinging on the bulletin board.

He has position in life. He spends afternoons walking in and out of the PX sideways. The jeeps gathered there fade away from the counter so he may be promptly served. When on pass he is less often bothered by the query, "Well, how do you

"I presume, Pvt. Lynn, that you did secretarial work in civilian life?"

like the Army?" for he is an "old soldier." He variously signs his free-mail envelopes "Pvt. 1cl." "PFC" and "Pfc."

The memoirs of a pfc., if published, would be a best seller. He saw the draft in its toddling clothes and says: "Me and me buddies come here when dis camp wuz nuthin' and we built it up. We cemented the PX steps and dug the foundations to the barracks and come off guard and went on KP and come off KP and went on guard."

Eighty-four sergeants and 36 corporals are wearing "his" stripes because he was AWOL for three hours. He has put in about 200 "good words" for other guys and he has exactly 96 more qualifications for corporal than pfc.

He has found by actual test that his distance of recognition of rank is barely 90 yards on a clear day.

To assure and assert his new position in life, he must now be called "peeffcee."

PFCS. HOWARD P. WYRAUCH
AND JOHN L. DOUGHERTY
FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.

The Human Tank Destroyer

It all started one day at our weekly orientation lecture. I was sitting in our troop day room, minding my own business. My conduct was so proper I didn't even have my mind on the big coke machine. When the tall, thin sergeant sneaked a bottle through, I didn't even try to follow suit; just sat and listened to the lieutenant.

He was talking about the way the war was going and how the Russians were putting up a mighty stiff battle at Stalingrad. Then he just mentioned, kind of by-the-way-like, how eight Soviet infantrymen had blown up Nazi tanks with their bodies. He wondered whether we were ready for that kind of sacrifice for our own country.

Well, sir, being invited to pop off, I allowed as how the act of those Russian doughboys was of the height of bravery and patriotism, and that we Americans were just as tough and sacrificing, once we got started.

And then it happened. The third sarge, a young kid (I'm at least a year older and I'm 22) gets up and starts haranguing the population on how those Russians were whacky for throwing themselves under the tanks cause this sarge knew—and, says he, any dumb rookie knew—that you could blow the tank up by placing the grenade in the right spot of the panzer's tummy.

Well, hell, that wasn't the point of the argument, says I, getting up to talk, seeing as orientation is the only chance I have to talk back to these fresh young noncoms. What we wanted to know was whether we Americans were willing to sacrifice for our country the same way as those Russians. And damn it, I says, getting hot and bothered, we are! I see the lieutenant nod sort of soberly but proud-like, and I figures that puts that fresh young sarge in his place.

It didn't though. He gets up, this NCO, and starts to shoot about how he knows he could've blown those tanks up and saved himself, and he has generals' statements to prove his tactics are correct.

Then my hellish life in the Army begins. When our squad marches down for motor maintenance, the fresh sarge burns my ears off for disputing him on how to blow up tanks. He gets so exasperated with me, he forgets to give the men "rear march" four times before he falls them out, and that really startles everyone. The sarge ends the argument by shouting at me loud enough for Division Headquarters to hear: "O.K., Human Tank Destroyer."

That name sticks like a gasoline bottle to a tank's stomach. When I ask one of the rookies to sweep under my bed for me at reveille, the ingrate wises up and tells me, "You know what you can do with the broom, you Human Tank Destroyer." Instead of going to town, I study my mortar manual in bed. A corporal walks through the barracks and passes a remark, real cutting-like, that studying in bed may be O.K. for human tank destroying, but you got to get off your butt to learn the mortar. Out on the range even the captain eyes me suspiciously, wondering whether I'm going to throw myself at the 300-yard target.

And here's the thing that goes deepest into the guts: I'm a pleasant, sentimental guy who likes to make friends, but the new men look on me like a stranger. What almost killed me was when I heard a new G.I. ask the fresh sarge who started it all, if I was an attached tank-destroyer outfit, temporarily with the recon.

Now, YANK, my problem is this: Can a single soldier form a tank-destroyer outfit, attached to Cavalry?

Do you think I should ask for military reclassification?

PVT. JOE WERSHBA
CAMP GRUBER OKLA.

G. I. Jones

This is an aimless tale of G. I. Jones, who was the GFU of Bat. B 66th CA (AA). Just recently the CO had him on the carpet for being AWOL from GD. It wasn't the first time either so an MP informed him that he was SOL this time, and threw him in the guardhouse. Of course this offense, besides reducing him from a T/5 to a pfc. also cancelled his application for OCS. The day before the SCM a woman from the USO (who he thought was a WAAC) came around to hand out some PX specials, which reminded him of his daily SOS.

The old man held the trial at 0830 Saturday Nov. 7 and the G2 officer from HQ passed sentence.

M-Day arrived. Wearing newly pressed ODs, G. I. Jones picked up his FM21-100, gas mask, barracks bags and brand new M1, and slowly walked away. Via P/E, he is now in the ETO. The reason I tell this tale is that yesterday the CQ reads us a cablegram in which he says, "SNAFU."

CPL. D. J. COLEMAN
FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

Day and Night

A new sentry on guard duty was patrolling his post in the prescribed military manner when along came the officer of the day. The new sentry did not halt or salute, so the officer of the day walks brisky up to the sentry and asks:

"Why didn't you salute me?" asks the OD. "I am Lt. Scott, the officer of the day."

"Sir, then what are you doing out here at night?" parried the jeep in that mad desperation which sometimes keeps drunks and rookies out of trouble.

PVT. JOHN TULBA
KEESLER FIELD, MISS.

M/R CLK WRTS GRL

You sd you alwys wd be mne
Yr lwe wd ever lngr on
And nw tht I'm awy fr you
You wrt and sy yr lve is gn

You clm y've fnd anthr one
Whse kss brng you grtr thrl
Wll go ahd and hve yr fn
I'll frgt—I knw I wll

I wnt gt drnk, I wnt dsrt
I wnt go AWOL
I'll jst encl a bitter wsh
That bth of you wd go to hll.

CPL. JERRY RUGH
BAER FIELD, IND.

"He has his brother blow reveille every morning."

FORT BENNING, GA.
SGT. ALFRED BELL

SPORTS

HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR—Clint Castleberry, Georgia Tech frosh star, couldn't run through the Alabama line so he went over it. Castleberry later scored the touchdown that gave the unbeaten Wrecks a 7-0 triumph.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In. 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pensacola Tr. 0
6—Tennessee 0
14—Kentucky 0
10—Georgia 21
29—So. Carolina 0
0—Ga. Tech 7

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
26—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6
14—Harvard 0
0—Pennsylvania 19
0—Notre Dame 13
19—V. P. I. 7

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech. 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
6—Georgetown 6
14—Villanova 6
0—Miss. State 6
14—Ga. Pre-Fl. 41
25—L. S. U. 7

BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M. 12
20—Arkansas 7
6—Texas A. & M. 0
10—T. C. U. 7
0—Texas 20
0—Tulsa 24

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl. 6
27—Wake Forest 0
47—Georgetown 0
26—Temple 0
56—Fordham 6

BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0
13—Princeton 32
0—Yale 27
20—Holy Cross 14
0—Harvard 7

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
6—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
0—U. C. L. A. 21
19—Washington 6
20—Oregon 6
7—So. California 21
13—Montana 0

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I. 0
6—N. C. State
7—Boston College 14
16—So. Carolina 6
6—Wake Forest 19
0—Geo. Washington 7
6—Jacksonville Tr 24

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34
10—Penn State 13
6—Holy Cross 6
35—Columbia 26
14—Syracuse 0

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army 34
12—Pennsylvania 42
14—Cornell 13
26—Colgate 35
9—Navy 13

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
8—Army 28
0—Penn State 0
7—Syracuse 12
13—Columbia 14
13—Yale 7
21—Dartmouth 19

OARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2
7—Yale 17
14—Wm. & Mary 35
19—Princeton 7
19—Cornell 21

OUKE
21—Davidson 0
7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl 26
34—Colgate 0
28—Pittsburgh 0
7—Georgia Tech 26
42—Maryland 0
13—North Carolina 13

OUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 0
33—Kansas State 0
6—No. Carolina 13
7—Manhattan 10
14—St. Vincent 0
7—St. Mary's 7
6—Miss State 28

FLORIOA
7—Jacksonville Tr 20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 0
3—Villanova 13
12—Miss. State 28
0—Maryland 13
0—Georgia 75
0—Miami 12

FOROHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
23—West Virginia 14
7—St. Mary's 0
13—Louisiana State 26
6—Boston College 56

GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr. 0
40—Furman 7
48—Mississippi 13
35—Cincinnati 13
21—Alabama 10
75—Florida 0
40—Chattanooga 0

GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
33—Davidson 0
21—Navy 0
26—Duke 7
47—Kentucky 7
7—Alabama 0

HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl 13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary 7
2—Dartmouth 14
0—Army 14
19—Princeton 14
7—Michigan 35
7—Brown 0

HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19
28—N. C. State 0
6—Colgate 6
14—Brown 20
13—Temple 0

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
12—Iowa 7
14—Notre Dame 21
14—Michigan 28
14—Northwestern 7
20—Ohio State 44

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7
13—Iowa 14
6—Iowa Pre-Fl 26
7—Minnesota 0
54—Kansas State 0

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12
14—Indiana 13
13—Purdue 6
6—Wisconsin 0
7—Minnesota 27

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
34—Ga. Pre-Fl 0
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U. 14
0—Oklahoma 25
19—Kas. State 7
7—Nebraska 14
19—Wash. U. (St. L.) 7
13—Iowa State 20

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L. 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
21—Va. Tech 21
0—Alabama 14
7—Georgia Tech 47
0—W. Virginia 7

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7
34—Ga. Pre-Fl 0
0—Tennessee 26
26—Fordham 13
7—Auburn 25

MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl 26
34—Northwestern 16
14—Minnesota 16
28—Illinois 14
35—Harvard 7
32—Notre Dame 20

MINNESOTA
50—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl 7
13—Illinois 20
15—Nebraska 2
16—Michigan 14
19—Northwestern 7
0—Indiana 7
27—Iowa 7

MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U. 16
33—Vanderbilt 0
26—Florida 12
6—Auburn 0
7—Tulane 0
28—Duquesne 6

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
46—Kansas State 2
45—Iowa State 6
0—Great Lakes 17
26—Nebraska 6
6—Oklahoma 6

NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
13—Yale 6
0—Georgia Tech 21
0—Notre Dame 9
7—Penn 0
13—Columbia 9

NEBRASKA
26—Iowa State 0
0—Iowa 27
0—Indiana 12
2—Minnesota 15
7—Oklahoma 0
14—Kansas 7
6—Missouri 26
0—Pittsburgh 6

NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
13—Duquesne 6
14—Tulane 29
14—N. C. State 21
43—Davidson 7
13—Duke 13

NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl. 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
16—Michigan 34
6—Ohio State 20
7—Minnesota 19
7—Illinois 14
19—Wisconsin 20

NOTRE OAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
28—Iowa Pre-Fl. 0
21—Illinois 14
9—Navy 0
13—Army 0
20—Michigan 32

OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
26—Purdue 0
20—Northwestern 6
7—Wisconsin 17
59—Pittsburgh 19
44—Illinois 20

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0
0—Nebraska 7
14—Iowa State 7
76—Kansas State 0
6—Missouri 6

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15
28—Idaho 0
0—California 20
14—U. C. L. A. 7
0—So. California 40

OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 6
7—U. C. L. A. 30
0—Santa Clara 7
13—Wash. State 26
0—Washington 13
33—Montana 0
13—Stanford 49

PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl. 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6
42—Columbia 12
19—Army 0
0—Navy 7
7—Penn State 13

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19
0—Duke 28
19—Carnegie Tech 0
19—Ohio State 59
6—Nebraska 0

PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6
32—Brown 13
14—Harvard 19
7—Dartmouth 19
6—Yale 13

PUROUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 8
0—Ohio State 26
0—Wisconsin 13
6—Iowa 13
0—Great Lakes 42
6—Michigan State 19

SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 8
7—California 6
7—Oregon State 0
6—U. C. L. A. 14
8—San Francisco 6
21—Loyola 0
20—St. Mary's 0

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
26—Wash. State 12
6—Stanford 14
21—California 7
40—Oregon 0

SO. METHOOIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6
21—Corp. Christi PF 6
7—Texas 21
20—Texas A. & M. 27
14—Arkansas 6

STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7
14—So. Calif. 6
7—U. C. L. A. 20
20—Washington 7
49—Oregon State 13

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
19—Holy Cross 0
12—Cornell 7
0—No. Car. Pre-Fl 9
13—Penn State 16
0—Colgate 14

TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6
0—N. C. PF 34
7—Michigan State 7
0—Boston College 28
0—Holy Cross 13

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 8
52—Furman 7
26—Louisiana State 0
34—Cincinnati 12
14—Mississippi 0

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6
12—Rice 7
21—So. Methodist 7
20—Baylor 0
7—T. C. U. 13

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
2—T. C. U. 7
0—Baylor 6
41—Arkansas 0
27—So. Methodist 20
0—Rice 0

TEXAS CHRISTIAN
7—U. C. L. A. 6
13—Arkansas 6
41—Kansas 6
7—Texas A. M. 2
21—Pensacola Tr 0
7—Baylor 10
13—Texas 7

TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
0—Georgia 40
29—No. Carolina 14
28—Vanderbilt 21
0—Miss. State 7
0—Ga. Pre-Fl 7

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
21—California 0
14—Santa Clara 6
20—Stanford 7
7—Oregon 14

VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33
66—Centre 0
21—Tulane 28
19—Mississippi 0
27—Union 0

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
35—Montana 0
6—California 19
13—Oregon State 0
7—Stanford 20
0—Cal. Pre-Fl. 0

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
12—So. California 26
26—Oregon State 13
25—Mich. State 13
7—Idaho 0

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
13—Great Lakes 7
13—Purdue 0
17—Ohio State 7
0—Iowa 6
20—Northwestern 19

YALE
33—Lehigh 8
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13
12—Dartmouth 7
27—Brown 0
7—Cornell 13
13—Princeton 6

Sugar Bowl May Be Title Game

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WALLOPS OREGON—Bob Musick, Southern California's quarterback, tears through Oregon's line for a big gain as U.S.C. wins in the Los Angeles Coliseum by the score of 40-0.

National Grid Crown at Stake There If B.C. Meets Georgia Champions

NEW YORK—It looks like the Sugar Bowl game will decide the national collegiate football championship.

Boston College, Georgia, and Georgia Tech still ride high, wide, undefeated and untied. The winner of the grand climax meeting of the two Peach State teams Nov. 28 will undoubtedly clash against B.C. in New Orleans on the first day of the New Year and that game will definitely determine the national gridiron title.

RED SOX TO RED CROSS—Joe Cronin wears his new A.R.C. uniform. He will manage a recreation center overseas instead of the Red Sox next season.

First Bowl Title Game Since 1925

This will be the first time since the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame faced Stanford at Pasadena in 1925 that a bowl game has had a genuine championship flavor. In recent years, outstanding teams in the Big Ten and Notre Dame have claimed the title and kept it away from post-season intersectional competition.

After the recent Boston College 56-6 shellacking of Fordham, you can't tell any Eastern sportswriter that there is a better team than the Eagles, unless it is the Chicago Bears. Every B.C. player is so good that no individual stands out. Against Fordham, they scored eight touchdowns in 44 plays that gained a total of 511 yards.

There are rumors that Georgia may go West to the Rose Bowl if she beats Tech. If that is the case, Tulsa may pop up as Boston College's rival in the Sugar Bowl. The Oklahoma school has been ignored all year but the critics are finally beginning to realize that it is leading the nation in scoring and its latest victory over Baylor is not to be sneezed at.

Rose Bowl officials are not selecting an Eastern rival with their usual dignity and care this year. Transportation difficulties and the accelerated college courses make the Pasadena invitation less attractive, to put it mildly.

The Southwestern Conference winner—either Texas, T.C.U. or Baylor—may meet the loser of the Georgia-Georgia Tech battle in the Cotton Bowl. The Orange Bowl in Miami may match Alabama or Tennessee with William and Mary.

Sam Baugh Completes 19 Passes—Too Bad He Wasn't Rolling Dice

Sammy Baugh had the best forward-passing day of his career recently when he pitched the Washington Redskins to a 14-7 victory over the New York Giants. The former Texas Christian star completed 19 out of 26 passes for a total of 211 yards. . . . **Eddie McGovern** of Rose Poly has apparently captured the individual college football scoring championship of 1942. He collected 30 points in his final appearance of the year against Principia College of Elsah, Ill., making a grand total of 165 points in six games.

YANK's Australian correspondents tell us that there are plenty of athletes in the Army Down Under. . . . **Lt. Tom Jurkovic,** former Nebraska grid star, handles recreation in one base section there and **Pvt. Mel Trutt,** former 4:10 miler at Indiana, is a radio operator in Gen. MacArthur's Air Force. . . . Duke's 1941 track captain, **John B. Nania,** is also a private with an infantry outfit in Australia. . . . Two Negro boys from Pennsylvania, **Pvt. Albert Henley** who won a Philadelphia Golden Glove heavyweight title, and **Pvt. Wiliam Breed,** a promising Pittsburgh middleweight, are keeping up their ring activities Down Under.

Tim Cohane suggests that **Williams** might play **Colgate** in a Shaving Bowl game. . . . **Greg Rice** may not be able to run this winter. The old Notre Dame grad—rejected by the Army because of a double hernia—pulled a tendon in his right leg while working out in New York City, where he is now employed as an accountant. . . . The **Boston Bruins,** usually tops in pro hockey, are in the league cellar . . . They haven't been the same since their famous Kraut line—**Bauer, Schmidt** and **Dumart**—joined the Canadian army en masse. . . . **Art Coulter** of the Rangers is in the U. S. Coast Guard. . . . **Yale** pulled the old cold weather trick on **Princeton** last week, letting the Tigers freeze in the icy wind before coming out of the locker room to start the second half. And it worked, too. Princeton fumbled the kick-off on its 15 yard line and Yale scored twice in the third period to win the game, 13-6.

They say that **Glenn Dobbs** of Tulsa will be the next professional Sammy Baugh—after the war and duration.

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YANK

HERE'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

YANK has slipped out of its OD Inverness and into Sherlock Holmes tweed for the war's greatest investigation. We're looking for the guys who represent extremes in our forces—the fattest, youngest, oldest, and so forth. Here's what we're after:

YOUNGEST Master Sergeant
Does your six-striper use a baby carriage for a jeep? We want the youngest in our Army. Be sure to send his birthdate.

OLDEST enlisted man in point of service
That gray beard may not have grown waiting for a PX phone, the author may be a veteran of Bull Run. For the biggest sleeve of hashmarks there's a prize.

LARGEST FEET in G.I. Shoes
So far we have a couple of guys who have trouble getting into size 12s. Can you beat 'em?

BIGGEST FAMILY of Army men
If the seven O'Briens on your roll call look alike they may be brothers. Give a look and win a prize.

HEAVIEST man in the Army
The hill that just moved may be a 300-pound private. If so, tell us his name and poundage.

MARINE who has served most foreign posts
Calling all gyrenes. Count up the campaign ribbons and give us the lowdown on your world travels.

SAILOR who can tie the most knots
Any salt-water men tuned in? We want the finest hemp bender in this man's navy.

Send your candidates to Contest Editor, YANK the Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C. Entries from this country must be in by Dec. 1; those from overseas by Dec. 31. Winners get a free year's subscription to YANK, and so do the guys who turn in the names. So give with the figures!